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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

February 6, 1957

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AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY



*Princess Grace  
and her baby*



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 6, 1957

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## MORE HELP FOR TEACHERS

SCHOOL holidays are over, and mothers, for the first time for a couple of months, are beginning to relax.

Not that mothers ever have much time to put their feet up, but the closest they get to it is when they have chased their little dears back to school.

Now, for the largest part of the day, parental control has been replaced by teacher control—a pleasant change for all but the most enthusiastic mums.

But what about the teachers?

Each teacher spends the best part of the year guiding the tottering mental and physical steps of not one or two children but dozens.

The only time she is free of Johnny's tantrums is during the holidays.

The teacher, therefore, spends much more time with your children than you do, so surely it is to the advantage of all to work with her as much as possible in deciding what sort of citizens your children will be.

Most educationists agree there is not enough contact between parent and teacher, that Australian parents are inclined to take the teacher for granted.

But the opportunities for co-operation are almost limitless, and experience has proved that this link pays dividends in happier and better adjusted children.

So, now that you have your feet up, think how you can help the teacher, who, with larger classes and inadequate accommodation, is battling to keep up educational standards for your children.

## Our cover:

● Princess Grace looks at her daughter with the adoring expression every mother wears when she gazes on her newborn babe. Named Caroline Louise Marguerite, the baby weighed 8lb. 3oz. at birth. See pages 26 and 27 for more pictures.

## This week:

● William Dargie's Archibald Prize portrait of Albert Namatjira is reproduced in this issue. Dargie has broken all records by winning the Archibald Prize for the eighth time. This year, Artist Namatjira appeared twice among the 61 competition portraits hung in the National Art Gallery, Sydney. The other one is by Garran-Brown.

## Next week:

● Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will pay a State visit to Portugal this month. Next week two pages of color pictures show some of the picturesque scenes they will see on their tour.

● Fifty-year-old Mike Todd, current flame of actress Liz Taylor, has been in London and Europe buying theatres so that he can rebuild the screens to take his mammoth film, "Around the World in 80 Days." Next week's film section includes a lively story from Bill Strutton, of our London office, gives you an idea why Todd has become a legend in Hollywood.

● Candy Hardy chooses the pick of the season's "Plain and Fancy Pants" which in their fashionable slim form can hardly be called slacks any more. They include sleek high-waisted styles, and a really fancy pair in harlequin printed cotton.

● Once upon a time the only seeds used by most Australian cooks were caraway. Some people love caraway-seed cake. Others loathe it. But there are many flower and vegetable seeds which can be used to flavor sweet or savory dishes. Our cookery expert gives you recipes for using 10 kinds available in Australia.

## BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

## Demons, rhododendrons, and the "third eye"

● "The Third Eye," an absorbing book about life in Tibet, is the work of an English-speaking Tibetan lama.

USING the assumed name of Lobang Rampa, he describes life in the house of his nobleman father and in the lamasery, where he was trained as a surgeon monk. Tibetan etiquette demanded that his father's horses be addressed in honorific style by the servants. Even cats were addressed thus: "Would honorable Puss-Puss deign to come and drink this unworthy milk?"

For the sons of the household life was much less easy. They were kept awake for 18 hours a day, lest they become demon-infested during sleep. Even small babies were kept awake for this reason.

With its extremes of temperature Tibet was considered no place for weaklings. New-born babies were dipped in icy streams to test whether they were strong enough to survive.

Yet such were the contrasts

of Tibetan life that when the author celebrated his important seventh birthday, guests at the great reception were fed on preserved rhododendron blossoms, and spaces between the courtyard cobblestones were filled with richly colored silks.

That birthday marked the end of luxury for him. The astrologers had decided his future as a surgeon monk. He was removed from his family and spent the next ten years in rigorous training.

During this period he was shown the secrets of clairvoyance, telepathy, and other branches of metaphysics which he claims have been known to the lamas for thousands of years.

He learned, too, the judo which the surgeon monks used to make patients unconscious (a substitute for anaesthesia), and submitted to surgical opening of the "third eye." This "third eye" the lamas believe to be in the forehead.

They claim it gives its possessors power to see and interpret auras, that is, to know the truth about people.

Astounding though the author's revelations are, they make Tibet not less, but more mysterious.

Our copy from the publishers, Secker and Warburg.

RINGS AROUND US, by Ernestine Gilbreth Carr (Heinemann). One of the original "Cheaper by the Dozen" children, now a matron, writes a lively and good-humored account of her own trials as a wife and mother.

THE TOWERS OF TRIBAZOND, by Rose Macaulay (Collins). This fine writer's first novel for five years concerns a journey to Turkey by a group proposing the establishment of an Anglican mission. Hailed overseas as literary success, it remains curiously unsatisfactory because it doesn't answer any of the questions it raises.



# BOY MEETS GIRL, HA!

An amusing  
gay  
romance

By MARSHA  
PRYSUSKA

Frank  
Beck



"Well," said Elvira pertly to Budd and Cecil, "now I know exactly what I wanted to know."

**M**Y name is Budd Haggert, and, if nothing else, I'm a reasonable man. Say someone puts a proposition up to me, I listen. And if the odds seem to be running with me, well then I agree. But this is definitely the end. What Cecil suggests is out. But I'd better start from the beginning, because sometime in the future I might want to re-read this journal. So here goes.

June 29  
This morning (after I wake up) I look at the day outside, and decide it's far too good to be wasted working. Also that horse on the third at Flemington has all the earmarks of a winner. A fifty bet, and I'm right for weeks. All right, a week. The only thing is—I haven't got fifty; I have, in fact, not a bean.

There are, however, ways. At least there is Cecil. Cecil is my agent. Every time I sell an article Cecil gets ten per cent. For a while now, I haven't sold anything, and the kitty looks thin and undernourished.

Still, I think, there is Cecil. After all, if he gets ten when I sell, he should give me something when I don't. Reasonable if nothing else.

"Good morning, Cecil," I say, and the tone is amiable.

"Sit down." Cecil is reading a thickish manuscript typed on pink paper, and (by

the look of him) gobbling the stuff up like it was fairy-floss.

"I suppose you want some more money?"

"A nasty, suspicious nature. It doesn't become you, Cecil. Yes, I do."

"How's the article on 'Baseball in Australia' coming along?"

"It's not, matter of fact . . ."

"Matter of fact, nothing. Go home and write it. Even now, we're right on the deadline. They might not take it if it's late. All that work wasted . . ."

Now is not the time to tell Cecil that I haven't even started with the research on this thing, let alone the writing. I catch myself just in time. Because if there's one adjective that can't possibly be applied to Cecil—it's reasonable. The man never heard of the word.

"What's that thing you're reading?" (He's gone back to the pink manuscript.)

"That thing, as you call it, is the latest story by Elvira M. Boyd."

"Never heard of her."

"You should have, all the advances you've been getting are financed by what I make on her sales. She writes fiction. And, let me tell you, if all my clients were like Elvira . . ."

Here a soulful look creeps over Cecil's face, a face which, incidentally, even his mother would have found hard to find an excuse for;

and, I swear, that's when it happens.

All of a sudden Cecil is sweetness itself.

"How much?"

"Fifty."

"On the strength of the baseball?"

"More or less."

"Forget baseball, forget sport writing. Write like Elvira M. Boyd. Write me one good story a week. One, boy-meets-girl-loses-girl-gets-girl, or vice versa, a week—that's all I ask."

"Have you gone mad?"

"No. This is probably the best idea that ever occurred to me. In a year's time you'll be thanking me. Will you do it?"

"No."

"No?"

"Absolutely no."

"O.K. if you won't, you won't, but it's a

pity, we could have both retired in no time. Have you anything against love? Is the subject distasteful to you? Or don't you think you could write like Elvira?"

"Look, all my writing has been confined to facts. I studied, I watched, I collected data, then I wrote. There's nothing in the world like boy-meets-girl, etc. It can't be researched, it can't be studied. And why? Because it doesn't happen. Do I get the fifty?"

"You get it. But promise me one thing. When that cert doesn't get in this afternoon, you go home and try to write a love story. O.K.?"

"Sure."

Boy-meets-girl, ha! I say to myself in the car. Look at me. Twenty-nine, six feet tall,

To page 47



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the best-dressed tables  
wear



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NAME

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Her thoughts were secret and she could not share them.

# The Hidden Heart

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE

SHE came out of the shop and walked blindly into the spring sunlight. She looked as always—a shy, self-effacing woman in an old tweed suit that was only an old tweed suit, without sharpness of outline or anything to make its wearer stand out as smart or knowing. She was quite pretty, but no one ever said so any more because of this withdrawal in her. Her eyes were lovely, deeply violet and childishly truthful, but they always looked away from you.

I used to be brave, she said to herself. It's wicked to be afraid of a clerk. It's wicked to be afraid of spending ten dollars more than I need to. I used to be brave —

She knew it wasn't worth all this anger, this despair, because she hadn't been able to make up her mind to spend ten dollars more for the chartreuse skirt for Nancy. But she knew more than that was involved. It was her whole self, the going away from the bravery of her youth into this wasteland of fear, of cowardice. Yes, she called it cowardice in her mind because inside her head she always said the exact truth so far as she knew it.

She did not blame Jim or Nancy or anyone for her fears; she blamed herself. And this called for a bravery that she recognised but dimly. She could very easily have cast blame on others, could easily have said, You can't be brave forever; not when you are always put in the wrong, your opinions laughed at. But she didn't. She had only this sharp anger because once she had been brave and was no longer.

She walked through golden spring in front of the Community Hall and saw the sign: Art Show — open 2-5; 7-9. She stood still in front of the hall, the sign itself part of her anger. For once, she knew, she had thought she could learn everything, she had thought the world of art and books could be swallowed whole, that it didn't matter that Jim had met her when she was dishing out scoops of ice-cream in the Farm Dairy place.

It didn't matter at all, because she had such a vast desire to know. And where had the years gone to? It was only since Jim had taken to sleeping in the other room that she had read till two almost every night—but life wasn't long enough. It just wasn't long enough.

Someone said, "Would you like a catalogue?" and she was walking, still shaken with her anger, around the big room, saying to herself at first, "It won't take long to get dinner," letting even those words be part of her scorn for herself. For why shouldn't she look at pictures if she wanted to?

She had a vast respect for art, especially for "oil paintings," naively feeling a value in oil paint itself. "Spring," the catalogue said. She looked again to make sure. All shades of green, that's what it was, nothing Mrs. Winters recognised as spring. "Nancy would like it," she said. For over the mantelpiece at home was this big print Nancy had brought home, and it, too, was just a lot of red and blue whirling around.

"It's so violent — I love it!" Nancy had said. Mrs. Winters had tried to love it, too, but she did not. It just made her know that Jim and Nancy were an infinity away from her.

She moved away from the big green picture, thinking only of Nancy, not seeing the covered bridges, the water wheels, the Rockport shacks, the waves rolling in, the sharp brilliance of the would-be abstractionists. "It's so violent — I love it!" Talking sense about something that didn't make sense. And when Nancy talked about boys — why, her mother would have washed her mouth out with soap and water if she'd used words Nancy used right out in public.

Jim seemed to think it was all right; that she was old-fashioned and prudish to mind. It's just that it makes her so far away, she said to herself. And, if she'd been her mother instead of herself, she knew she would have said, as to a child, "Leave the room, Nancy. None of that talk at my table!" But she didn't — she didn't — she let her talk, she let her get farther and farther away.

"That's nice!" she said suddenly, stopping before a picture of a rainy street in the spring. For this was a spring she knew, with the water along the kerb and the trees all having a wet, lovely, clean-washed look. She looked down, found the number—"Rain in May," it said, by Anna Kulak. Ten dollars. She felt astonishment, excitement — a painting, a real oil painting, for ten dollars?

Be brave — be brave before it is too late.  
The woman at the desk said, "Fine! I like that one, too. Would you like to take it now? The show closes at five, so it would be all right."



The bravery lasted all the way out of the hall, while she stood at the corner waiting for the bus, even after she got on the bus.

On the bus she kept stealing glances at the painting, thinking, "Why, just the frame is worth ten dollars." Thinking of a woman next to her, "I wonder if she thinks I did it?" Thinking, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you really could do something like that, something all your own?" Thinking, "If it hadn't rained that day and we hadn't been so close under the old umbrella, maybe Jim wouldn't have asked me, wouldn't ever have asked me to marry him."

Thinking, "I wonder if he ever wishes — he never says — never, never — but sometimes he must wish — Sometimes, I like it, having the room to myself at night. I feel safer, being just with myself. It's lonely, though. It's terribly lonely — and now I've done something stupid again — if just once —"

If she could have pulled her defences together, prepared words. But all the way on the bus she had been remembering, and now it was too late. Jim was home. You couldn't hide the painting. It had seemed small in the hall, but now it seemed enormous. Jim stood right there in the hall, reading the mail.

Every time she saw him she felt proud, for he looked so lean and straight and intelligent, not flabby and dull like most men his age. He put a letter down, turned, and said, not eagerly, just surprisedly, "And where on earth have you been?"

"Well, I went to change a skirt for Nancy —" she began. "I'll have dinner ready in just a few minutes."

"And is that a skirt you're carrying?" he asked.

"No, it isn't a skirt. I — I couldn't seem to decide —"

"I know that," he said indulgently. "But what is it?"

She knew it was a moment for bravery, but her hands lifting the picture were slow, afraid.

"I bought it," she said. "I thought it was nice. I bought it."

He gave a squinting look at the picture, murmured, "You thought it was nice."

"It was only ten dollars. It's a real oil painting."

"Very pretty!" he said. "And a real oil painting — fancy that!"





Louie, waiting in the background, wondered what Timothy would think of the painting and then he said, "I like it very much, Mrs. Winters."

She lowered the picture slowly, then she said, "Dinner won't be long," and carried the painting upstairs, got an apron, and came downstairs into the kitchen.

For an instant she stood there in the bright kitchen, the kitchen that had all the gadgets, and it seemed so unfamiliar to her that she scarcely knew what to turn to first for preparing dinner. "But I never used to feel like crying all the time," she protested to herself. "I wish Ma were alive. She'd shake some sense into me. . . . It is pretty — I can keep it upstairs. They won't have to look at it." She took out a frying-pan and began to slice potatoes for frying.

"Nancy's coming tonight — bringing some young man," Jim said.

"Oh, dear, I forgot the bacon! I'll get some at the corner. . . . I wish I'd got the skirt. There was a nice one, but it was ten dollars more—that seemed a lot more—and then I spent the money, after all."

"Louie —" Jim began; then he sighed, started again. "Louie, we're going right on eating three meals a day, even if you spent ten dollars. Stop worrying about it. I'll give Nancy the money and she can pick out her own clothes. She'd rather, anyway. . . . I suppose you got that picture at the amateur art show. It's sweet enough, insipid enough — it must have come from there. But you've bought it. Don't make me look at it, but you've bought it. Stop worrying about it."

He was trying to be kind. "I thought it was nice. I thought that was really the way the world looked after a rain," she said. "I know. Nostalgic," he said. "But that doesn't mean it's art. Still, if you like it — why, like it. It's your affair. Just don't apologise for having bought it. You'd think I held you down to a nickel a week."

"Did Nancy say who the young man was?"

"No, she didn't. Just said they'd be here around nine."

Flowers. Daffodils and tulips — they looked pretty together. Bacon, towels. Muffins for breakfast. The young men always liked muffins. If only Nancy would have something more than orange juice and coffee. She was too thin. "Nancy's changed so," she said aloud, and flushed.

"Changed? What do you mean? She seems as always to me. Prettier, maybe."

"Oh, she's beautiful. But she didn't use to be so restless. She — she didn't use to always make fun of everything."

"Well, the young are sceptical nowadays. A good thing, too, with our world. Only the doubters survive now."

She wanted to cry out, "That isn't so! It's the believers that survive!" but Jim always sounded so sure, and she hadn't contradicted him in a long time. But it would be an awful world if no one believed in anything. He was right; she ought not to have apologised about the picture.

"I'll go out and get some flowers while you finish your coffee," she said.

She hurried out to the garden, began to pick daffodils, some long-stemmed salmon tulips, one that was gold at the edges, going down to deepest brown, purple-brown. A few long, sharp leaves.

Then she stood holding the flowers, a little shy woman in a garden in spring. "Maybe they're insipid, too," she thought. "Maybe they are. Maybe the whole house is that way. Only Nancy's decided on most of the furniture — and she put the violent picture up. But maybe they think flowers are sweet and fussy."

Still, she carried the flowers in and made charming arrangements of them for the table, for the sill in the living-

room, for the guest-room. She even put three tall tulips in a vase for Nancy's desk. It took longer than she meant it to. She almost ran to the delicatessen and got the bacon, rushed back and flew through the dishwashing, and made the living-room very tidy.

"It's just Nancy and her young man coming," Jim protested mildly once.

"I know. I — well, I like to put my best foot forward when there's company, no matter who it is," she said.

"Oh, take it in your stride, Louie," he said. "The house is always good enough for company."

She ran up to her room and changed her clothes. Then she paused, went slowly over to the picture, turned it around, held it in her hands, and looked at it. She set it on her dresser, stood off a little, and kept looking at it.

She felt a kind of despair. For it still looked lovely to her. Jim hadn't thought it did, but to her it was just the way spring was — and Jim and Nancy got farther away as she looked. She felt as if she knew Anna Kulak, never seen, better than Jim and Nancy.

They've come. Don't run. Just walk down the stairs. If they want a sandwich there is still cold meat left, and cheese.

There were two young men. Nancy had on Bermuda shorts and a white shirt. She did look lovely, only college was different nowadays—people didn't use to run around looking like that.

"Hi, Mom," Nancy said. "This is Sam—this is Timothy, always said in full, because he's a very stuffed-shirt fella. . . . My slightly dithery mamma, gentlemen. . . . I've told them they'll have to share a room, but they couldn't care less. Just so they don't have to pay for a room at the inn."

"Hello," Sam said. He was too familiar — handsome, sharp-faced, sharp-tongued. Mrs. Winters had the feeling that she had met him three or four times already.

Then Timothy stepped forward and shook hands and said, "If we are a nuisance, put us out, Mrs. Winters. I could manage a room at the inn very nicely."

"Oh, no; I love to have you come. Have you had dinner? There are things for sandwiches."

"We've had dinner. We might like sandwiches later."

"Mom is always confusing the soul with the stomach," Nancy said.

"Oh, no," Jim put in, "your mother has been taking care of her soul this afternoon. She's bought a painting — a real oil painting. For ten dollars. . . . You must show them your acquisition, Louie."

"From an auction?" Nancy said.

Sam walked over to look at the print above the mantelpiece. He was grinning in a sly way.

"Not bad," he said. "Not bad at all."

Timothy glanced at the print, glanced away again.

"Go get them your great buy," Jim said. "I'll mix some drinks."

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# ENCHANTED DINNER

A short short story

By **BETTY KJELGAARD**



*They danced gaily to the old gramophone, Aggie in her wedding frock and Jim in his best suit.*

**A**GGIE ELLIOTT was twenty minutes late in getting home. She thought of Jim waiting, parked on lower Broadway. He wouldn't say anything sarcastic, but he'd be elaborately polite. Therefore, so would she. That was the way they had been punishing each other.

She'd had the foresight this morning to lay out her clothes before she went to the office. Now she put on fresh underclothes, but when she took out the dress she held it, staring at it. It had been her wedding gown three years ago. She hadn't had it on since.

What has happened since the day I wore it? she wondered. What did Jim and I expect out of life? She had been nineteen, he twenty-one, and the future hung before them. But they were both anxious to save for The House, and in the penny-pinching scramble the future seemed to be fading away.

Jim was an accountant downtown; she, a receptionist for a quartet of architects. They saw each other only at night, because Jim was almost always up and gone before she opened her eyes in the morning.

Their social life was confined to going about with three other couples. They did things together two or three nights a week, even if they only went to each other's apartments.

Tonight, though, was special. A man named Payton, a customer of Jim's firm from the West, was in town with his wife. Jim had done some work for him, and Mr. Payton had invited Aggie and himself to join his party for dinner at a famous sea-land place in Sheepshead Bay.

Jim had said to Aggie, "Wear the best you've got; he's brass." Well, she thought, she hadn't anything better than her wedding dress. It had a wide skirt and a tiny waist, making her look delicate and lovely.

When she came up from the subway near the parking lot Jim was waiting. He waved his hand toward their seven-year-old car. "The chariot waits," he said.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Aggie said, as they drove off.

"That's all right," Jim said.

While they paused for a red light they saw a young couple crossing the street. The boy was looking down at her and she was looking up at him. Their faces were radiantly happy. That's the way it used to be with us, Aggie thought, and stole a glance at Jim. His eyes seemed glued on the couple and his profile was thin and grim.

It took forty minutes to get to Sheepshead Bay. They parked and walked into the restaurant.

Aggie said, "I never knew it was so big!"

There appeared to be acres of tables, all filled with people. A headwaiter came up to them.

"I'm looking for Mr. Payton's table," Jim said. "We were to join him at seven-thirty, but we're a little late."

The man shook his head. "We don't make reservations or book

names," he said. "The turnover's too large. The only thing you can do is to go looking for your party yourself, I guess."

Jim turned to Aggie. "Stay here, Aggie. I'll find them."

As he walked off Aggie noticed the blue trousers underneath his worn topcoat. He was wearing his best clothes, too. Then a burst of music distracted her and she stood there listening to it and to the laughter, warm and carefree. For that moment she became carefree, too. Oh, it'll be fun, she thought, and saw Jim coming back.

Jim said, "They're not here. I covered the whole place."

"Not here," she echoed. Something went flat in her.

He swept the crowd with his eyes. "Well, the only thing to do is wait for a few minutes, then try again."

They stood, with Aggie feeling helpless because she didn't know Mr. Payton by sight. At almost eight-thirty, Jim said, "Here we go again," and left her. When he returned she knew by his face that this search had proved fruitless, too.

"What do you suppose happened?" she asked.

"Oh, they probably started out in the right direction, then ended up on Long Island some place. You know how out-of-towners are about getting lost around here." He took a last look. "I don't think there's any

use in waiting longer. Let's go."

The headwaiter came back to them. "No luck?"

"No luck," Jim tried to laugh.

"Sorry, sir. But I now have a nice table for two—"

"Uh—no, thanks," Jim said. "I must find Mr. Payton."

Aggie saw the flush that darkened his cheeks. Pay day for him wasn't until tomorrow, and she had only a dollar and a half in her purse. Going ahead of him toward the door she had to step aside to let a waiter pass with a tray. On the tray was the most enormous lobster Aggie had ever seen. She thought of the meat loaf she would have to warm up at home, and she went on blindly.

When they got to their apartment house Jim said, "You'd better get out. I'll find a place to park."

She raced through the wet night and climbed the two flights of stairs to their apartment. While she was hanging her coat up in the bedroom she could see herself in the mirror. Her fair hair was curling from the rain and her cheeks were soft and pink. She went into the kitchenette, put the meat loaf in the oven, and opened a can of tomatoes to heat.

Jim came in. "I only had to go around the block twice tonight before I found a place," he said.

"Good shooting, Daniel Boone," she said.

He sat down in a chair opposite her on the studio couch and picked up a magazine. Quiet fell. But after a minute Aggie thought: This is the first time in ages that we've been home alone, all dressed up. She glanced at Jim and found his eyes on her. Their looks clung.

He licked his lips, as though they felt dry, and said, "Isn't that—the isn't that your wedding dress?"

"Yes," she said, a little unevenly. "And that's the suit you wore that day."

Her heart hammered. We haven't really looked at each other for months. We've depended on everything and everybody but ourselves for happiness.

Miraculously, Jim took up the thought. "I was thinking," he said. "We don't need Mr. Payton to make an evening, or the bunch, either." He got up and crossed the room to the old gramophone. "Would you care to dance?" he said.

"Oh, Jim, I . . ."

Then his arms went around her. "My sweetheart," he said so close to her ear that it tickled.

"My darling," she managed to say before the giggles came.

They melted together, the woman and the man, and suddenly they were back where they had started, with the future happiness before them, theirs for the picking.

(Copyright)



# WILDFIRE AT MIDNIGHT

## Beginning our dramatic mystery serial by MARY STEWART

**I**N the first place, I suppose, it was my parents' fault for giving me a silly name like Gianetta. It is a pretty enough name in itself, but it conjures up pictures of delectable and slightly over-blown ladies in Titian's less respectable canvases, and, though I admit I have the sort of coloring that might have interested that Venetian master, I happen to be the rather inhibited product of an English country rectory.

If there is anything farther removed than that from the Venuses of Titian's middle period, I don't know what it is.

To do my parents justice, I must confess straight away that the disreputable touch was there in the family—nicely in the past, of course, but known nevertheless to be there. And my mother is just sufficiently vague, artistic, and sentimental to see nothing against calling a red-haired daughter after the Vixen Venus, the lovely red-headed Gianetta Fox, who was once the rage of London, and a Beauty in the days when beauties had a capital B, and were moreover apt to regard beauty and capital as one and the same thing.

She was a nobody, the lovely Gianetta; her mother, I believe, was half Italian, but she simply appeared, Venus rising from the scum of Victorian Whitechapel, and hit London for six in the spring of 1858. She was just seventeen.

By the time she was twenty she had been painted by every painter who mattered (Landseer was the only abstainer), in every conceivable allegorical pose, and had also, it was said, been the mistress of every one of them in turn—I should be inclined here, too, to give Landseer the benefit of the doubt. And in 1861 she reaped the due reward of her peculiar virtues and married a baronet.

However, after only a few years of marriage, she left him—for a very "modern" painter of the French school who specialised in nudes. She left her son and daughter behind in Sir Charles' scandalised care; the former was to be my maternal grandfather.

So my nice, vague, artistic mother, who spends her time in our Cotswold rectory making dear little pots and bowls and baking them in a kiln at the bottom of the garden, called me after my disreputable (and famous) great-grandmother, without a thought about the possible consequences to me when I hit London in my turn, in 1945.

I was nineteen, had left school a short eight months before, and now, fresh from a West End training course for mannequins, was ingeniously setting out on a glamorous career with a fashion-house, modelling clothes. I had a share in a bed-sitting-room, a small banking account (gift from Father), two hand-thrown pots and an ash-tray (gift from Mother), and an engagement diary (gift from my brother Lucius). I was on top of the world.

I was still on top of the world when the Morelli Gallery acquired the Zollner canvas called "My Lady

Greensleeves" and Marco Morelli—the Marco Morelli—decided to make a splash with it. You remember the fuss, perhaps? Morelli's idea was, I think, to stage a sort of come-back of art after the austerities and deprivations of war. He could hardly have chosen a more appropriate picture to do it with.

The gorgeous lady who languishes, life-size, in the centre of the canvas is the focus of a complicated shimmer of jewels and feathers and embroidered silk—I doubt if any material has ever been more miraculously painted than the coruscating damask of the big green sleeves.

As an antidote to austerity it was certainly telling. And even Zollner's peacock riot of color could not defeat his model's triumphant vitality, or drain the fire from that flaming hair. It was Gianetta Fox's last full-dress appearance in canvas, and she had all the air of making the most of it.

So had Morelli, and his cousin, Hugo Montefior, the dress-designer, who happened to be my employer. And there really was nothing against the idea that Montefior should re-create the dress with the lovely green sleeves, and that I should wear it at the showing, and that there should be a sensation in the right circles, thereby doing the cousins a lot of good. And, possibly, me, too, though this honestly didn't occur to me when Hugo put his idea in front of me. I was merely flattered, excited, and terribly nervous.

So I wore the Greensleeves gown at the show, and Morelli got his sensation, and I was so scared of the fashionable crowd that when I spoke at all it was in a tight, flat little voice that must have sounded the last word in bored, brittle sophistication. I must have looked and sounded, in fact, like a pale copy of that arrogant worldling behind me in Zollner's canvas, for that is what Nicholas Drury undoubtedly took me for when at length he elbowed his way through the crowds and introduced himself.

I had heard of him, of course, and this in no way increased my self-confidence; he had at that time—he was twenty-nine—three terrifyingly good novels to his credit, as well as a reputation for a scarifying tongue. I, for one, was so thoroughly scarified that I froze into complete stupidity, and under his sardonic look stammered some meaningless schoolgirl rubbish that, God help us both, he took for coquetry.

We were married three months later.

I have no wish to dwell on the three years that followed. I was wildly, madly, dumbly in love with him, of course—a silly little star-dazzled adolescent, plunged into a life completely strange and rather terrifying. And Nicholas, it became very quickly apparent, wasn't on his own ground either.

What he had meant to marry was a modern Gianetta Fox, a composed young sophisticate who could hold

her own in the fast-moving society to which he was accustomed; what he'd actually got was only Gianetta Brooke, not long out of school, whose poise was a technique very recently acquired in Montefior's salons and the Mayfair mannequin factory.

Not that this initial miscasting was the cause of our little tragedy; love is a great builder of bridges, and it did seem at first as though what was between us could have spanned any gap. And Nicholas tried as hard as I; looking back now I can see that. If I did achieve sophistication and a little wisdom, Nicholas struggled to rediscover tenderness. But it was too late; already, when we met, it was too late.

The times were out of joint for us, the gap too wide—not the ten-year gap between our ages—rather, the thousand-year-long stretch of a world war that to me was only an adolescent memory hardly denting the surface of my life, but to Nicholas was a still-recurring nightmare agony leaving scars on the mind which were then only precariously skinning over.

How was I, untouched nineteen, to apprehend the sort of stresses that drove Nicholas? And how was he to guess that, deep down under my precarious self-confidence, lurked the destroying germs of insecurity and fear?

Whatever the causes, the break came soon enough. In two years the marriage was as good as over. When Nicholas travelled, as he often did, in search of material for his books, he more and more frequently found reasons for not taking me with him, and when at length I found he was not travelling alone, I felt no surprise, but I was hurt and humiliated, and so—I have red hair, after all—blazingly outspoken.

If I had wanted to keep Nicholas, I should have done better to have held my tongue. I was no match for him on a battlefield where love had become a weakness and pride the only defence against a cynicism both brutal and unanswerable. He won very easily, and he cannot have known how cruelly . . .

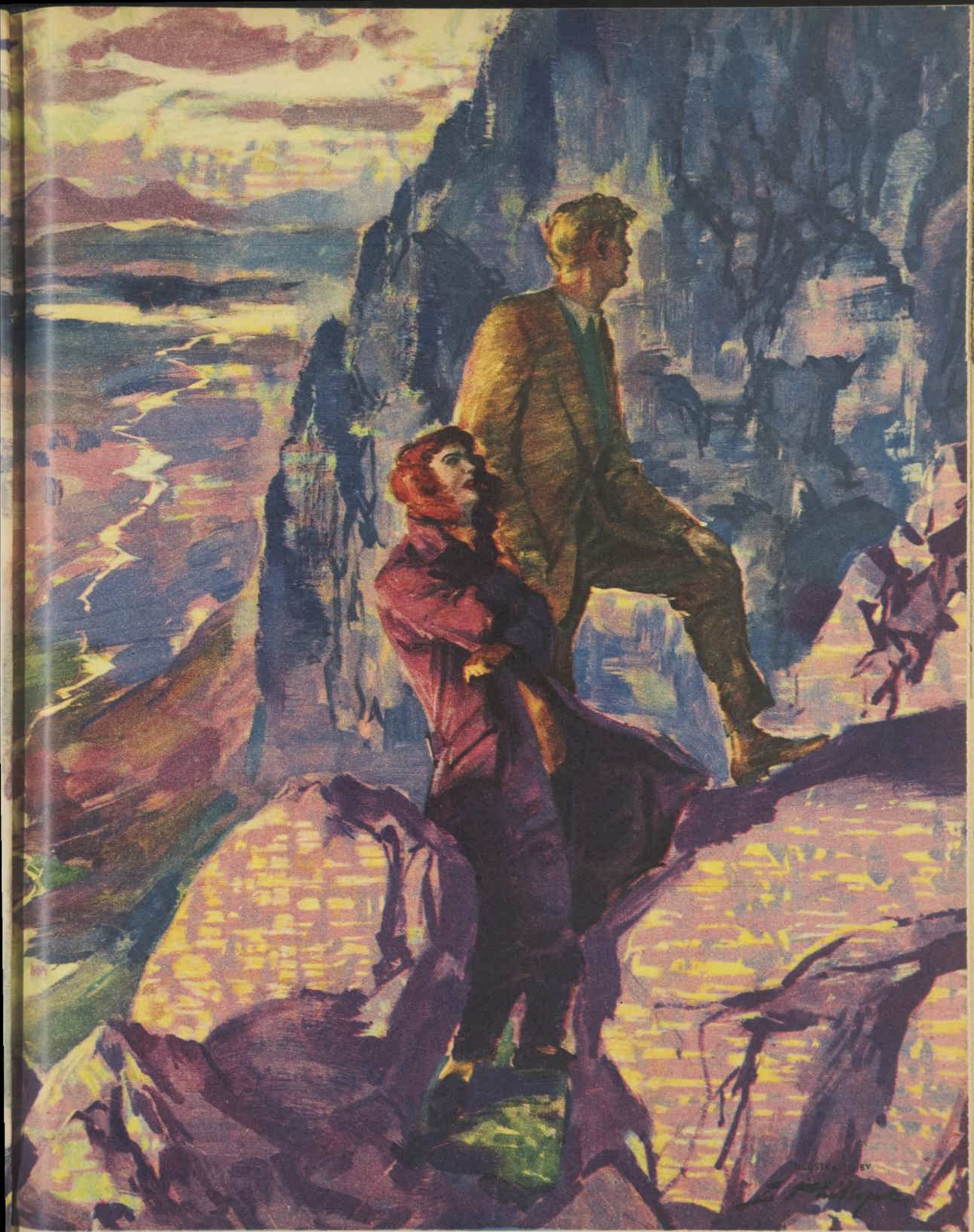
We were divorced in 1949. For the sake of my mother, who is so High Church as to be verging (according to Father) on Popish Practices, I kept Nicholas' name, and I still wore my wedding-ring. I even, after a time, went back to London and to Hugo Montefior, who was angelically kind to me, worked me to death, and never once mentioned Nicholas. Nor did anyone else, except Mother, who occasionally asked after him in her letters, and even, on two occasions, wondered if we were thinking of starting a family . . .

After a year or so I even managed to find this amusing, except when I was run-down and tired, and then the gentle timelessness of Mother and Tench

To page 51

*"I wonder if those two fool women will go up there tomorrow," Roderick Grant said to Gianetta, looking up at the ridges shouldering the sky.*







## I wish I were Jane-next-door



Her house isn't any bigger than mine, but oh it is *cool*! Her builder sheathed the walls under the weatherboards with Cane-ite Wallboard. While we toss and turn on summer nights, Jane's family sleep blissfully cool. And by one o'clock of a summer day, I'm all wrung out from doing the housework in the heat — and that Jane looks as fresh as if she'd never seen a broom.

And — worst of all, besides being cooler in summer, her house is warmer in winter. Oh she is lucky! Oh it is unfair!



## If I were envious Millie

I'd do a little less complaining and take some action. Of course, she can't have built-in Cane-ite insulation like us, but she can stop the heat that builds up in her roof invading the rest of the house. She *could* get her husband to put Cane-ite Batts in the ceiling — or she could even do it herself. All you have to do is lay them between the ceiling joists. And if she says once more in that snifty way of hers, "Of course, we didn't want to waste money on insulation", I'll tell her in writing that it only took £36 worth of Cane-ite to insulate all round our house. She would pay about £3 a room for Cane-ite Ceiling Batts. Penny wise, pound foolish. That's Millie.



Just lay Cane-ite Batts between the ceiling joists — make your house up to 15° cooler.



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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as £10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

RECENTLY I heard a heated discussion on the advisability or otherwise of doing business with friends. The group in favor was overwhelmingly outnumbered by the other, which maintained that business should preferably be carried on with strangers. The latter group's main points were, first, that in cases of sale, the seller was reluctant to ask as much as he would from a stranger, thus creating a certain amount of dissatisfaction. And, second, that once business entered a friendship one would never be sure whether one was being entertained for enjoyment's sake or for the motive of self-interest. Surely this attitude shows lack of confidence in one's own circle of friends. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. S. Bennett, c/- P.O., Manilla, N.S.W.

MIGHT it not be a good idea if, upon naturalisation, our New Australian friends could be presented with a badge or brooch signifying their new status? The badge or brooch could perhaps take the form of the Australian flag. The wearer would certainly welcome our smiles of congratulation when he donned his badge.

10/6 to Mrs. Milba Wilkinson, Shepherd's Place, Newcastle, N.S.W.

MANY children delight in running around with toy pistols and guns, while imitating the whizzing sound of flying bullets. They do not aim at things or animals, but shoot principally at persons. When told not to do so, they ask, astonished: "At what else should we shoot instead of persons?" For a child, playing is reality. Thoughtless parents give their children toy guns and pistols, introducing them to warlike games, when they should be taught that fighting is wrong and that peace is good.

10/6 to "Young Mother," Hospital, CIC Bonegilla, Vic.

AM I doing the wrong thing when I peg my pillow-cases to the line with the taped end down? So many women hang theirs taped end up. My reason is that "taped end down" lets the water drain out, making drying quicker. Still, if anyone can convince me the other way is better, I'll be happy to peg the pillow-cases turnabout.

10/6 to K.J.A., Townsville, Qld.

ONE frequently hears women bowlers and croquet players bemoaning the fact that there isn't a greater interest taken in the game. Well, I think I know the reason. There never will be until those all-white uniforms are brought up to date and made more attractive. Plenty of younger women would be interested in what are really very good games, and would like to join clubs—but, oh, those white hats and stockings!

10/6 to Miss R. V. Pittard, "Moonbi," Carrington Rd., Googee, N.S.W.

WHY does Australia tolerate Canberra as the national capital? From what I hear it is badly planned, the main buildings are scattered, it is artificial, inconvenient, and full of snobbery. Sydney, I think, would be a truer place for our capital.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

NO wonder children are baffled when parents hide the truth from them. My next-door neighbor, for instance, prefers to invent an excuse rather than to give the facts. When our kitten had ringworm recently, I warned her not to allow her children to play with him. She called them over saying: "Pussy has a broken leg. You mustn't play with him," whereas the cat came bounding across the garden. Another time, my husband was studying when she came to visit me. I told her this, yet when her children arrived she said: "Now be quiet, Mr. L. is asleep." My husband didn't hear this, and leaned from the window to speak to us. It seems to me these kiddies will grow up disillusioned and their mother will wonder why.

10/6 to "Mary Lou," Mt. Lawley, W.A.

### Song for all Australia

"SOUTH AUSSIE'S" letter (16/1/57) made my blood curdle. "The Song of Australia" is not confined to South Australia. I am a Western Australian, and remember wistfully the many times I have sung it with my school friends. No, the song belongs to the whole of Australia, not to one State.

10/6 to "West Aussie," West Beach, S.A.

### Family affairs

I HAD trouble when cutting my three pre-school children's nails, until I thought up a scheme. Now we cut the "hair" of "Tom Thumb," "Peter Pointer," "Toby Tall Man," "Ruby Ring Girl" and "Lettie Little Girl." Toenails are trimmed to "This Little Piggy Went to Market." There's no trouble now. The children even ask for their nails to be cut.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Hazel Anderson, 105 Palm Ave., Shorncliffe, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

ONE afternoon in the holidays I was sitting on the beach after a swim.

My feet were covered in sand, and I wanted to get it off before going home.

The simplest way was to go into the water again and wash it off. But I knew that if I did that I would get more sand on my feet walking back from the water.

I've been facing this dilemma on every visit to the beach for forty years.

In all that time the great brains of the world have done nothing about the problem of sandy feet.

So I used the old primitive method and rubbed the sand off with a towel.

It's a nasty little job. You can't get all the sand off, and it leaves the towel very unattractive.

In Australia we don't talk much about the discomforts of going to the beach. It might discourage tourists.

But let's be frank, a day on the golden sands has its drawbacks.

One of them is that white stuff

### A SANDWORM TURNS

you smear on your face to prevent sunburn.

When my lips were covered with it I looked like Al Jolson singing "Mammy."



No wonder I failed to make a hit in sophisticated society.

But the most irritating thing about the beach, to my mind, is the abundance of sand.

It used to annoy me particularly when my three-year-old daughter

was eating an ice-cream on a stick.

First I had to wipe the sand off her face and hands so it would not get mixed with the ice-cream.

Then I had to wipe the sand off the ice-cream when it fell off the stick.

Finally I had to wipe the sand off her face and hands where it stuck to the melted ice-cream.

I'm not denying there have been minor improvements in beach living.

There are those little gadgets like camp-stools for gnomes that you can rest your head on while sunbathing.

Beach umbrellas are useful, too, although they tend to cause snobbery.

At Sunburn Beach the people with 7ft. umbrellas looked down on the people with 5ft. 6in. umbrellas.

The Cashleighs, with their 8ft. 6in. umbrella, put on insufferable airs. Everyone was glad when it was blown inside out.

My point is that beach equipment has a long way to go. And the first need is something to get the sand off your feet.



***These are  
Australian:***

**FOREST KINGFISHER** (*Halcyon macleayi*) is found in coastal forests from northern New South Wales to north-western Australia and in New Guinea. Nests usually in a hole drilled in a termites' nest in a tree, sometimes in a hollow limb. Picture taken in Queensland by Mr. N. Chaffer, of Roseville, N.S.W.





# Honeymoon by car . . .



**YOU'RE** the happiest girl in the world? Of course, because you're newly wed, setting off in a car for your honeymoon beside a brand-new husband. Destination? Some place on the north coast. Australia's most popular honeymoon spot.

You may plan to leave next week, next month, or much later. Even if it is much later and the weather is cold down south, it will be warm when you arrive in the north.

You can safely look forward to spending long days in balmy weather—perhaps walking along a shell-strewn beach, sunning, or doing serious surfing and swimming. You may choose a place where there's much gaiety in the evening, or one where you're really far from the crowd.

Whatever your plans, the clothes you take are important. The wrong clothes can make a girl wretched, and can mar the most carefully planned holiday.

Across these two pages, and continuing on page 15, is a planned going-away holiday wardrobe. It is designed to travel and pack well, and it covers clothes for one or several weeks. Even if your destination isn't honeymoon, they are the sort of clothes to take a girl anywhere into the sun.

Because we know lots of girls like to sew their own clothes, we are providing easy-to-follow paper patterns for the major fashions illustrated. On page 48 are detailed sketches of each design, with prices, sizes, yardage, and how to order.

—BETTY KEEP



**TOP LEFT:** Travel ensemble heading north, single-breasted suit, double-breasted top-coat in tweed. (Patterns are not available.)  
**CENTRE LEFT:** Daytime separates of nylon (pattern number 4435), permanently pleated skirt and separate sleeveless top. Suggested (not shown and no pattern provided) a wool cardigan in a toning color.  
**LEFT:** Breakfast-coat (pattern number 4444) of flower-printed cotton is double-breasted, with narrow val lace trimming the Peter Pan collar and turn-back cuffs.  
**BELOW:** Lace-trimmed princess-line slip (pattern number 4440) and waltz-length nightgown (pattern number 4443) and matching peignoir (pattern number 4442).





# to a playground in the sun

OUR heroine has arrived at her destination, and in this sunny paradise beach clothes become important.

One honest - to - goodness swimsuit and a dashing three-piece resort outfit (it can go in the water) are basics for the beach. The swimsuit would be best elasticised, and the three-piece made in a pretty but substantial cotton.

Our bride chose the latter in a batik print; she also chose (not shown) a scarf to match, to be tied round her hair if the day turned windy, and a fringed towel big enough to double as a stole, cape, or sarong.

*Continued on pages 15, 48*

**RIGHT:** Chosen for serious surfing, a hand-faggoted, princess-line suit of printed lastex (no pattern available). **BELOW RIGHT:** Three-piece beach outfit (pattern number 4446) includes bra, short pants, and a matching cover-up sleeveless shirt that buttons down the front and ties at the waist. **BELOW:** Glamorous shortie pyjamas with tiny sleeves and collar (pattern number 4445). Turn to page 48 for details and how to order the patterns.





## "We keep our lawns Velvet smooth.."

Gordon and Madge have been in their new home four years now, and already their lawns are a picture. In all they have just on 5,000 square feet of lawns, but it's no chore to keep them immaculately groomed. They can mow the lot in an easy half-hour "walkover" with their Victa Rotomo. Not only are their lawns cut to perfection, but their rotary-action Victa cuts right up to walls, paths, trees and garden borders—doing away with backbreaking edge-trimming by hand. Even the kids like using the Victa.



## "We cleared our land of jungle growth.."

You'd never guess it from this picture, but Bob and Vera live in the same street as Gordon and Madge. Bob and Vera are new arrivals and as you can see, their land was literally a jungle. They anticipated days of backbreaking effort clearing it, but Gordon came to the rescue and lent Bob his Victa. With the Victa it was a walkover... bracken, pospalum, even blackberries were "downed" in no time. Since these photographs were taken Bob has also become the proud owner of a Victa.



all with the same

No other mower, regardless of price, can give you all the advantages of the Victa. The special spring-steel blades never need sharpening, and replacement blades can be obtained for a few shillings at any Victa Agent throughout Australia. The Victa's smooth, rotary-action ejects cut grass and leaves to the right, so that you can literally sweep the lawn as you mow. The cutting height is easily adjustable—you can shave one-eighth of an inch off the finest couch or bent grass, or raise the cutting height to cut into jungle growths. It's simplicity itself to operate—even a child can use it. There is just one simple throttle control, which acts as a cut-out, too. The engine is dustproof, thanks to Victa's (patent pending) snorkel air intake. Maintenance is kept to a minimum... there are no parts to oil—even the wheels are self-lubricating.

Yes, the Victa Rotomo is the ideal mower for all Australian homes—that's why it is, by far, the biggest seller in Australia to-day. See the Victa in action—ask your local agent for an obligation-free demonstration.

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# Under a romantic autumn moon

**E**VENINGS may be dance-filled, festive, or spent far from the madding crowd. In whichever case, aim for glamor. He may not mention your clothes, but remember it is the whole wonderful way you appear to him that he loves.

Our honeymoon bride planned her evening wardrobe around dinner and cocktail "separates" and a waltz-length one-piece dress. The all-over look is romantic. She chose in addition (not shown) a pretty wool stole (no pattern available), because breezes off the sea are apt to be nippy—particularly when the sun goes down.

She was also wise in her choice of materials. They included no-iron, non-crush cotton, jersey, and lace—all good "travellers."

**RIGHT ABOVE:** Dress-up "separates"—a colorful skirt and two blouses (pattern numbers, skirt 4437, dark blouse 4439, white blouse inset 4438.)

**RIGHT BELOW:** Waltz-length dress circled around midriff and skirt with contrasting bands (pattern 4436).

**BELOW:** To wear under the dress, a four-tiered petticoat of pleated nylon (order number 4441). Separate brasette of cotton (no pattern available). Turn to page 48 for further details.

**SEE PATTERNS PAGE 48**





# SENSATIONAL!

## NEW

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# DEODORANT



**WITH ONE STROKE YOU**

- Wipe out perspiration odour instantly
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## Instant STICK

# ODO·RO·NO

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

## FOR TEENAGERS

**F**IRST letter to arrive this week is from a young girl suffering from the embarrassments of youth.

Here is her letter:

"RECENTLY at a party I met a 16-year-old boy who was very attracted to me. I am only 14 and I was embarrassed and refused to dance with him. Now I find I like him and should like to continue the friendship. Our boarding-schools are close and we should see each other frequently when school starts, but I would like to write to him when I get back to school. How would I start my letter and what should I say? I have been told that this boy is a great flirt and that writing would be stupid, as he would have forgotten me." T.S., Tamworth, N.S.W.

You can't write to him. You've just got to wipe off the incident as a badly handled first lesson in the school of romance that you are just entering. If you wrote to him and said you'd like to continue the friendship he'd just lose interest. Even worse, he may show your letter round the school triumphantly as proof of his lady-killing powers. Boys like to do the pursuing and you must leave it to them. If he finds you as attractive as you say, he will find a way to continue being friendly.

Remember, though, there is not much time for romance in either of your lives at 14 and 16; lessons and exams are much more important. And if this boy should never speak to you again, be thankful to him. He has taught you that even a refusal to dance should be made in such a way that it adds to your charm.

"I LIKE a boy, but I am not quite sure if he likes me. I am very musical and so are he and his family. They have asked me out twice for tea and a musical evening. He is always very friendly to me and has brought me home both nights, but Mum says he just likes me because of my music. Do you think Mum is right? He hasn't asked me for a date yet. But I think he is inclined to be shy." "Wondering," W.A.

This boy has made it quite evident that he likes you, and, despite what your mother says — and she may be quite

right — I don't think anyone should conduct critical analyses of friendship. Many of us would get a shock if this were done.

Some people might find that they are liked because they cook well, because they have blue eyes, or for some mad reason like the way they rub the end of their nose. There always has to be some first reason for liking, which, after a bit, grows into a many-sided thing that defies analysis. A bond because you are both musical seems to me to be a good basis for a friendship.

When you say he hasn't asked for a date you add that you think he is shy. Did it ever strike you that perhaps he is not allowed to date girls yet, or that if he is he may not have the money, or that — neither of these applying — he is studying hard?

"WHEN I am 18, I hope to join the W.A.A.F. and would be grateful if you could give me some information on what standard you must have to join this force."

E.P.S., Melbourne.

To join the W.A.A.F. you should make a written application to the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Officer, New Beach Road, Rushcutters Bay, N.S.W. Qualifications demanded are that recruits are British subjects between 18 and 34 years of age, unmarried, with a good general education. The original period of enlistment is for four years. There are many different jobs available, ranging from domestic ones to motor transport driving, signal work, safety jobs (parachute-packing, etc.), and, of course, a host of clerical and typing jobs. If you have a job preference, state it when you apply.

"I AM a girl of 16 with a fairly good figure, but my legs are the only thing that spoil me; they are very thin compared to my body. My boy-friend has often asked me down to the beach, but I always say it isn't hot enough because I feel very self-con-

## DISC DIGEST

name of Johnny Mercer will keep popping up like a recurring decimal. Two of his numbers have won Academy Awards ("Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe" — 1946 — and "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" — 1951), and he also wrote for that delightful movie "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."

The plot of the new show is flimsy — romance in a TV studio with plenty of girls and gags on the side — but the music is racy and the lyrics are polished to within an inch of their lives. The title number, sung by the star, explains exactly what a top banana is. It's theatre jargon for the leading comedian in a burlesque show.

scious about my legs. Could you suggest something that would improve them?" B.S., Sydney.

You can't improve your legs, but you can improve yourself by forgetting them and running off to the beach and enjoying yourself if you ever get another invitation.

It is intelligent to try to disguise a bad feature but stupid to pretend that no one knows you have one. Your boy-friend is well aware of the

"I AM a 15½-year-old school girl and I am expecting a baby in six months. I know who the father of my unwanted child is, but when I spoke to him about it he denied everything. He told everyone in the school about me, and my life has become a misery. My parents know nothing about it and I have not the courage to tell them as they are very strict and would be disgusted with me. Sometimes I feel so wretched



## A word from Debbie...

EVERY girl to be well-groomed, chic, and in line for any well-dressed medals must spend some time at, and know, the tricks of make and mend that give you the handbox look.

Here are a few things that may help you:

- Starch your cotton brassieres with a very light starch and damp them well before ironing. They'll retain their shape if you launder them this way.
- Before you hang your precious nylons slip a smooth silver teaspoon in the toe and hang them by the top. This way, they don't blow about or twist round the line. Keep them in a screw-top jar, too — this way they escape many snags.
- When you iron a cotton frock, iron the seams, hem, and facings on the wrong side first, then turn the dress and iron all over. The finished effect is better, lasts longer.
- Dresses cut on the cross will keep their shape much better if, when ironing, you turn and juggle the skirt so that you iron it on the straight of the material.

fact that you have thin legs. It is quite a while since girls wore pantaloons and crinolines and didn't mention limbs because it was rude.

If you want to keep that boy-friend, go to the beach with him and for heaven's sake don't mention legs or try to cover them up.

The only way you can make them fatter is by eating more, which of course will fatten you all over. If it's the shape you are worried about, you can improve that by doing the exercises in "Seven Steps to Shapeliness" in the issue of 2/1/57 specially designed for legs.

about it all that I could commit suicide. Could you advise me what to do, please?"

"Ashamed," Vic.

You must tell your parents immediately. You will find that they are a great help and comfort to you and will tell you exactly what you must do. As soon as you have told them you will feel much better. So the first thing you must do is tell them. Don't wait a minute or put it off till tomorrow — tell them now. If you want further advice about where unmarried mothers are looked after and can have their babies, send your address and I will write you direct.

"I AM a girl of 15 and I am madly in love with a man of 31 who wants to marry me. Mum does not approve of my going out with boys and says I am too young to marry. Do you think I am?"

F.F., W.A.

Three cheers for Mum for what I say. Of course you are too young to marry, and of course you are too young to go out with gentlemen of 31. Young girls are often attracted to older men — they like their easy manners, which are generally the result of years and years and years of taking girls out. Did you ever stop to think about this man with whom you are so madly in love? He, no doubt, was taking girls out, or perhaps yearning after some wonderful older woman of 31, the day you were born.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.





TRAINEE NURSES from the Sisters of Charity order, which founded St. Vincent's Hospital in Sydney in 1857, pause during a practical lesson on preparing special diets. A staff of 44 in the hospital's vast kitchen prepares 1800 ordinary meals and, in a separate kitchen attached to the main one, 80 special diets every day.



TECHNICIAN in charge Mr. E. Richmond explains something of the newly installed deep-ray X-ray unit to first-year nurse Anne Carew. Used for the treatment of cancer, this machine cost £8000.

## Hospital's century of service

• Sydney's famous St. Vincent's Hospital in the near-city suburb of Darlinghurst will be 100 years old this year. Opened in small premises at Potts Point, Sydney, on August 27, 1857, by five Sisters of Charity, with, in addition, only one surgeon, the now 347-bed public hospital is celebrating its centenary with an appeal to raise £500,000.

THE money will be used to provide more beds and new equipment, for medical and nuclear-medical research, and for the establishment of educational and medical clinics.

Already St. Vincent's Public Hospital treats 6800 in-patients a year with 71,000 out-patients, walking, hobbling, limping, and being carried into that department for a total number of 150,000 attendances a year. To the casualty section come 56,000 cases of everything from road-accident victims to down-and-outs who wander in for warmth on a winter's night.

No one is turned away. Nor do differences in religion play any part in the hospital's sole purpose of giving service to the sick. Of the patients treated last year, 48 per cent. were Roman Catholics, the rest non-Catholics.

St. Vincent's Hospital springs originally from the arrival at Sydney Cove in 1838 of five Sisters of Charity who had come from Ireland to relieve the spiritual and physical suffering of the raw colony.

Of these, four transferred to Tasmania. The fifth, Sister, later Mother, de Lacy, with four other Sisters who had been professed in Australia, opened the hospital in "Tarmons," former Potts Point home of Sir Charles Nicholson, one of the founders of Sydney University.

The only doctor was Dr. James Robertson, M.D., F.R.C.S., of Wynyard Square.

They started with an out-patients' department, and their first patient, on the opening day, was a six-year-old boy. Since then St. Vincent's has treated more than 3,000,000 out-patients.

The hospital, which transferred to its present site at Darlinghurst in 1870, now employs 44 doctors, including 25 resident doctors, more than 100 consultants, 340 nurses — excluding Sisters of Charity — and 300 other staff.

Recognised as one of the most up to date in the world, its dozens of departments include anaesthesia, pathology, X-ray, dietitian, and physio-therapy.

In 1857 the wages bill was £43/17/8 for the year for a laundress. In 1956 more than £418,000 was paid in wages alone.

Present head of this tremendous organisation is tall, graceful Mother Mary Michael, the Rectress, who rules with a voice of authority almost incredibly quiet and gentle.

New South Wales citizens have always been public-spirited towards St. Vincent's. In the first annual report, gifts, which came under the heading "Donations in Kind," included "a large number of leeches" from city chemist Mr. Sloper; a "bag of rice and large quantity of castor oil" from a Mrs. McMahon, of George St., and "two cwts. of flour" from a Mrs. O'Sullivan.



ABOVE: Orthopaedic Doctor—one of 25 resident doctors employed—hears about a toy soldier as he examines the fractured leg of six-year-old Johnny Gallagher, of Pagewood, N.S.W., in a men's public ward.

BELOW: Poster Girl. Chosen as the model for posters to publicise the appeal, former Sister Beth Atkin—now Mrs. Pat Shearer—checks a chart in the Women's Surgical Ward. St. Vincent's employs 340 nurses.



RESEARCH MICROSCOPE used by Sister Mary Regis, head of the Medical Illustration Department, for filming microscopic slides. Sister Regis set up this picture and took the others on this page.



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MODERN, HEALTHY  
SANITATION FOR THOSE  
LIVING IN  
NON-SEWERED  
AREAS



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- ★ Uses no chemicals—only one to two pints of clean water required for flushing after each usage.
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Healthy, hygienic, TROUBLE-FREE SANITATION all the year round with a Humes Septic Closet. You owe it to your family—yourself—to provide this modern system in your home! Write now—or ring BX 4165 for full details!



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LISMORE, QUEANBEYAN,  
ADAMSTOWN, GRAFTON, HARDEN

## TELEVISION PARADE

by R.C. Parker

● It's a great pity that three of the best programmes on television are broadcast from three stations at the same time.

THE programmes I refer to are "War in the Air" (Channel 2), "Disneyland" (Channel 9), and "Victory at Sea" (Channel 7).

All three are broadcast on Monday nights.

"War in the Air" is seen at 7.40, "Disneyland" at 7.30, and "Victory at Sea" at 7.30.

It seems a little tough to me that a person who has outlaid considerable money on a television set should be able to see only one of these each week.

Monday night is a good night for television—but one or two other nights are pretty dreadful.

Why don't the three stations get together and re-programme?

I could understand this position if television had been established for ten years in this country and there was bitter rivalry for ratings.

But television is still in its early infancy.

SORRY to see the departure of Betty Sara from "What's My Line" (Channel 9, Sundays at 8).

However, as a compensation, the new format of the show is a big improvement.

Moderator Kennedy seems to be doing more "moderating" and less interrupting.

BRICKBAT of the week to Alan Rainbird, who does the weather forecast on Channel 2.

Mr. Rainbird has copied identically the format devised by Chuck Faulkner on Channel 9. His maps are identical, and so is the information on them.

However, whereas Faulkner confines his attentions to the weather, Rainbird insists on explaining why his forecasts for the previous day went wrong.



FORMER FILM STAR Douglas Fairbanks, jun., now a prolific TV producer, has scored a hat-trick. All three Sydney stations have bought films from him.

★★★★

"Victory at Sea" (Channel 7). Mondays, 7.30 p.m.

"Victory at Sea" is one of the really great television programmes.

Produced by the N.B.C. of America, it is a pictorial record of World War II, seen through the eyes of the U.S. Navy.

However, the scope of the 26-part series is not restricted to purely naval battles or to those in which the U.S. Navy took part.

Producer and co-author Henry Solomon has adopted the realistic attitude that what happens on the sea is often dependent on what happens on the land.

Full and generous coverage is given to the part played by

the Royal Navy, the Royal Australian Navy, and other allied navies in the eventual victory.

Important military and airborne attacks that influenced the outcome of the conflict are also recorded.

Material for the series has come from film sources all over the world, including newsreels and film libraries.

Richard Hansen's narration, which is spoken by Leonard Graves, is powerfully eloquent without being jubilant or jingoistic.

The dialogue is supported by a powerful musical score specially written by Richard Rodgers.

TO SUM UP: A magnificent achievement.

### TV PREVIEW

On Channel 9 at 9 o'clock on Monday, February 4, viewers will see a film about the "Battle of the Bulge."

IT concerns Lieutenant Paul Random (Ronald Regan), below, and three men holed up in a deserted

European farmhouse during the Battle of the Bulge, in the line of Nazi fire.

Two of the men are killed, and the other, Burnett, who hates all officers, particularly Random, uses the situation to attack the lieutenant.

He plans to kill Random and assume his uniform—and officer's privileges—when captured. However, Random talks Burnett out of pulling the trigger. The two are relieved by an American counter-attack, and Random, instead of court-martialing Burnett, sends him to hospital.



Hudson (above) in "My Name is Sally Roberts."

It is a mystery-romance drama set in Chicago, and concerns the victim of a cold-blooded plot to get an inheritance.

The beautiful Linda Stas as the victim.

ON the same station on Friday, February 1, at 8 p.m. viewers will see Linda Darnell and John

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 6, 1957



# Tops in Treats

BECAUSE IT'S **Streets**  
THE CREAM OF THE COAST  
AND MUCH CREAMIER!

Your whole family will relish every delectable spoonful of this melt-in-your-mouth extra rich ice cream made as only Streets can do it. Buy it in cones or large bricks — wherever you are — whatever the occasion, nothing else is half as good as luscious

Queensland strawberries crushed into Streets vanilla ice cream.

## Try this for Fun!

### Strawberry Cake Sundae

INGREDIENTS: Sponge Cake, Streets Strawberries and Ice Cream, Whole Strawberries (preserved, frozen or fresh), Whipped Cream.

PROCEDURE: Cut a thin layer of sponge cake into 3" squares or rounds. Place in round dish or on a plate. Top with a good sized portion of Streets Strawberries and Ice Cream. Surround with strawberries and garnish with whipped cream and decorate with a whole strawberry.

More people buy

**Streets**  
THE CREAM OF THE COAST

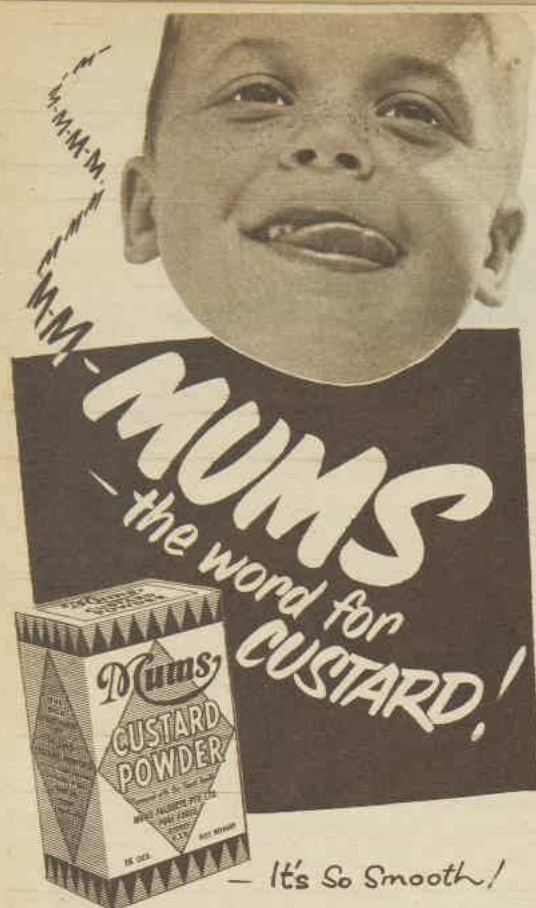
Strawberries and Ice Cream  
than any other  
flavoured Ice Cream



STREETS ICE CREAM LTD. — CORRIMAL, TURRELLA, BROOKVALE, GOSFORD, MORUYA, PENRITH, GOULBURN.



MM-MUMS  
the word for CUSTARD!



It's So Smooth!

Save the Day



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Ring a COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY Now!

REST RELAXED WITH

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TABLETS

with "Arten" the quick-acting American ingredient.



Don't let the anxieties and frustrations of the day destroy your night's rest, relieve physical and mental tension speedily and safely with Tru-Rest Tablets—take Tru-Rest before retiring to calm the nerves, to promote complete relaxation and sound, healthy sleep.

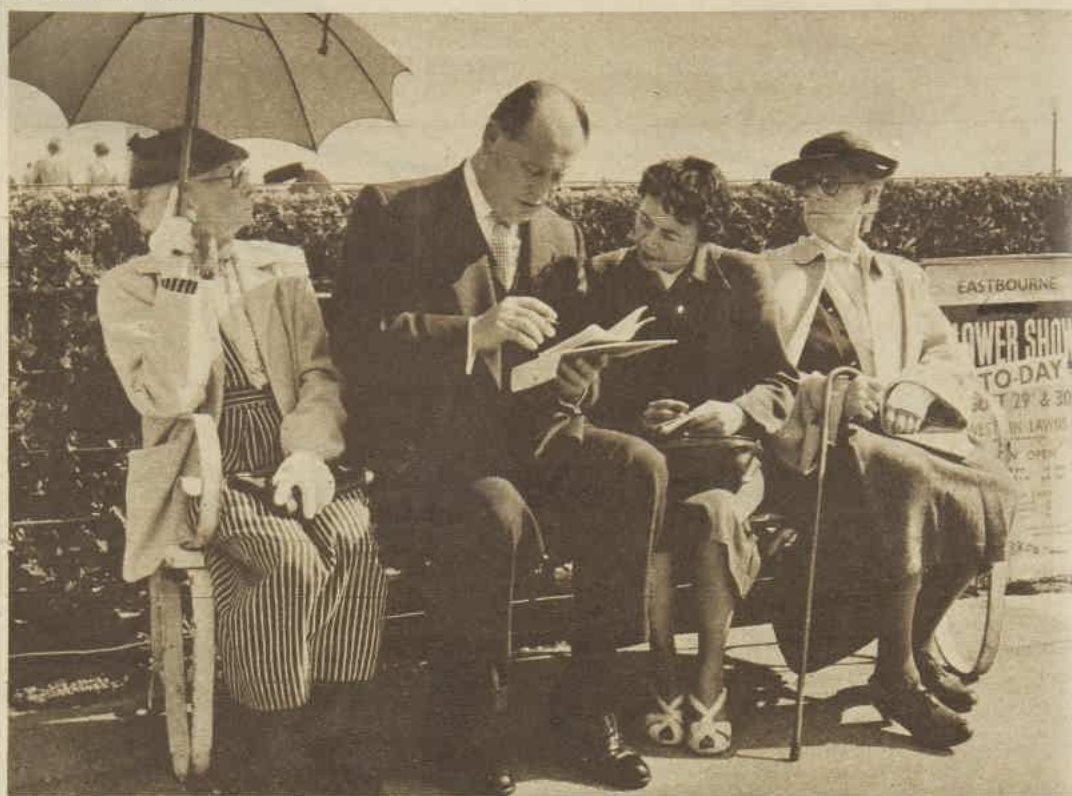
**Tru-Rest** TABLETS

—for a restful night

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THE STRANGE  
CASE OF —

# THE WIDOWS of EASTBOURNE



THE FLOWER SHOW must go on. Between two startled residents, reporters discuss the day's inquiries.

## A macabre story that Agatha Christie might have written

World spotlights have played on the English seaside resort of Eastbourne since family doctor John Bodkin Adams was charged with having murdered a wealthy widow patient.

ADAMS, who pleaded not guilty, was committed for trial at the Old Bailey after a preliminary court hearing.

The whole case, from its birth amid festering rumor, has seemed like a thriller by Agatha Christie.

First, there was the fertile, if melancholy, gossip among Eastbourne's aged, retired spinsters in lace shawls, lisle stockings, and orthopaedic shoes.

Then came the Scotland Yard detectives, and the inevitable circus of crime reporters in their midst.

And, despite the assumed indignation of the old, comfortably placed inhabitants and guests of the lethargic seaside town, there was a macabre curiosity, and even a twitch of excitement at the "goings on."

As the grey and shrivelled woman in the lounge of the Grand Hotel said—to the accompaniment of the string orchestra playing Gilbert and Sullivan—anything could happen with these sort-of people around.

"These" were two crime reporters who had just phoned their London offices from the not-very-soundproof booths in



ACCUSED—Dr. John Adams.



ACCUSER—Supt. Hannam.

the lounge, informing them that Detective Superintendent Herbert Hannam had been prodding around in Ocklynge Cemetery once again.

The old lady was right, of course. Something did happen.

And it led tubby, 57-year-old Adams into court to face a total of 17 charges—including the one of murder.

The other alleged offences come under the headings of the larceny, forgery, and cremation Acts.

Family doctor Adams was on bail from the lesser charges when Superintendent Hannam rearrested him and charged him with the murder six years ago of 81-year-old Mrs. Edith Morell, wealthy widow of a food importer.

Hannam quietly carried on with his investigations.

Within a week of Adams being charged the Yard was investigating the deaths of two more wealthy old women, whose bodies had been exhumed at Eastbourne.

What with the wettest year for 14 years, the theft of the mayor's badge of office, and the rain-drenched cricket festival it was certainly something for Eastbourne to talk about.

And that was how it all began. The Mayor of Eastbourne, Alderman Sidney Caffyn, who runs a chain of motor showrooms and service stations, filled in the background.

"It began with good-natured gossip—banter you might call it," he said. "Then it became a spicy subject of gossip."

"People have talked for years about bequests to professional people.

"It is natural in a town like this, with so many old folks. But then it became ugly."

It was then that the Chief Constable, Mr. Richard Walker, brought in Scotland Yard. He wanted, he said, a detached, outside investigation . . . was it fact, fiction, or rumor?

For the sake of the town it had to be cleared up. In a community nourished by gossip he felt a little mouth-cleansing was necessary.

The Mayor took the same view, and asked for co-operation and for those who had whispered to speak out aloud and put substance behind their words.

So did the Rev. Dr. Harry Ingham, minister of the Up-

The prosecution alleged that Adams made Mrs. Morell a drug addict, and killed her with overdoses of heroin and morphia.

It alleged also that Adams murdered two other rich patients last year — Alfred John Hullett, 71, and his wife, Gertrude Joyce Hullett, 50.

Evidence has been given that the doctor benefited from all three deaths.

During the six months before he laid his charges, courteous, impeccably dressed Superintendent Hannam examined a mass of wills, documents, and deeds left by more than 200 wealthy people who had died around Eastbourne in the past 20 years.

And while the defence prepared its case Superintendent





REPORTERS cluster round a solicitor who made a call at the police station. It became the silent centre of the widest investigation undertaken by Scotland Yard this century.

perton Congregational Church, where Mrs. Julia Bradnum, whose grave the Yard had photographed, had worshipped.

Dr. Ingham talked openly and forcefully from his pulpit. Over it is a lamp and a plaque given in memory of Mrs. Bradnum's husband, one of the church's regular worshippers.

It was Mrs. Bradnum's will and the circumstances of her death that Superintendent Hannam first investigated.

The detective made inquiries at the rose-bound "manse" where the vicar lives, and, things being what they are in Eastbourne, Dr. Ingham boldly announced after his sermon that he had been seen by Scotland Yard, and that he had told them what he knew about Mrs. Bradnum, which was little, except that just before she died she altered her will.

It must be the first time a pulpit has been used to banish the furtive whispers that inevitably follow in the wake of a police car calling at a suburban house that is normally disturbed by nothing more significant than a milk cart or a postal van.

So it was that the secluded suburbs of sedate Eastbourne were gently and tactfully disturbed by detectives asking not about parking offences or the lost dog but about wills, beneficiaries, and death.

Bewildered and apprehensive spinsters opened doors crack wide to inquiring re-

porters at nearly midnight—an evil, sinister hour for them.

A London reporter who went to one privet-bound house made the unforgivable mistake of asking a woman, interviewed by police, whether she was Miss or Mrs.

There was a touch of impatient indignation as she



THE MAYOR, Alderman Sidney Caffyn. He wants the air cleared of rumor.

proudly said, "Miss. We are all Miss here."

Then, appropriately on the day of the summer flower show, Eastbourne's king of the dahlia growers, Mr. James Carter, a retired gardener, was interviewed.

He had worked for Mrs. Edith Morell. She desperately wanted to win the huge silver cup for the finest display of dahlias in the flower show.

Mr. Carter bred a magnificent display of blooms for her and won the cup.

Holding a fantastic fan of petals, called "Edith Morell," he said, "It is my finest dahlia."

For this happy moment in a lonely widow's life she put him in her will. She left him her dahlia plants.

But Eastbourne is not all aged women whose last days can be lightened only with gossip, however trivial.

There are several lively, civic-minded people in the town, headed by the Mayor, who, rather wistfully, said: "They say all publicity, good or bad, is good publicity. I don't know. I really don't know."

There were a few ghoully trippers in the town during the early investigations—and hundreds during the court case—but they saw little.

Inquiries of this kind are always submerged by a quiet, persistent routine that yields no drama.

This is particularly so with Detective Superintendent Hannam in charge.

With a soothing, confidential air, his apologetic, "Pardon me for intruding," he is well equipped to decide, in Eastbourne, between fact or fiction, rumor or evidence.

His is a quiet, quite deceptive manner, but very useful for extracting the one sentence of fact from a torrent of imagined and accumulated rumor.

And time, as in Eastbourne itself, has no meaning for the "gentleman detective."



CHEMIST SHOP at Eastbourne where, the prosecution alleged, Dr. Adams bought heroin and morphine that killed Mr. and Mrs. Hullett and Mrs. Morell.



GARDENER Carter shows REV. DR. INGHAM knew one of the women whose deaths dahlia called "Edith Morell" were being investigated. He appealed for information.



PROSECUTION witnesses Nurses Stronach (centre) and Randall (right) talk to a friend.



THE FIRST of several graves photographed by police in Eastbourne.



EASTBOURNE VISITORS and residents catch the sunshine on the promenade—and the latest news, rumor, and gossip about the case.

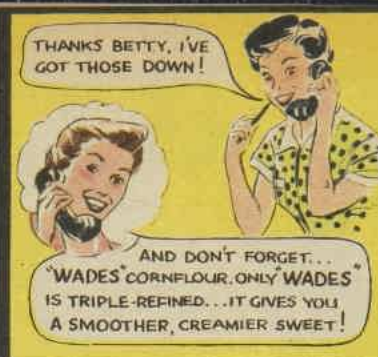


ABOVE: Scotland Yard detectives exhumed the bodies of two more wealthy women during the court hearing.

BELOW: Retreat of spinsters is disturbed by Pressmen. Police were there first. There has never been such a stir.







## How to get hugged by a husband!



Fruit Cream Parfait



Golden Nugget Pie

Cherry Tarts



Chocolate Mousse



THESE ARE THE RECIPES BETTY GAVE SUE...

### CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

2 level tablesp. cocoa, 3 level tablesp. Wade's cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 3 ozs. sugar, 2 level tablesp. gelatine, 1 tablesp. water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated unsweetened condensed milk—chilled.

Blend cocoa and cornflour to smooth cream with a little of the milk. Heat remainder and when boiling pour on to blended mixture stirring briskly. Return to saucepan and stir whilst simmering for 2-3 mins. Add sugar and gelatine which has been dissolved in the water. Cover and stand aside to cool. Whisk evaporated milk until thick and fold in chocolate mixture. Pour into glass dish or individual glasses and allow to set. Serve very cold.

### CHERRY TARTS

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Wade's cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablesp. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup golden syrup, 3 cups fresh pitted or drained tinned cherries,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablesp. almond extract, 1 doz. small baked tart cases.

Blend together sugar, cornflour, salt and golden syrup in the top of a double boiler. Add cherries, mix well and cook over boiling water until mixture thickens. Cover and continue cooking 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add almond extract and cool. Pour into tart cases and chill. Serve topped with whipped cream if desired.

### GOLDEN NUGGET PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 3 level tablesp. Wade's cornflour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 3 eggs—separated,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups pineapple pieces—drained, 1 level tablesp. butter, 1 9-inch baked pie shell, 4 level tablesp. sugar (for meringue). Combine sugar, orange juice, pineapple juice and cornflour in saucepan, mix until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Add egg yolks, mixing well, and cook over low heat about 2 mins. Remove from heat, stir in pineapple pieces and butter, cover and cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until foamy, gradually beat in sugar until stiff, spread over pie filling and bake in mod. oven until golden brown.

### FRUIT CREAM PARFAIT

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 4 level tablesp. Wade's cornflour, pinch salt, 1 tablesp. grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablesp. cinnamon,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups fruit juice—pineapple, orange, grape, etc., 1 tablesp. lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipped cream.

Blend sugar, cornflour, salt, lemon rind and cinnamon. Stir in fruit juices and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until very thick. Cool and chill. Spoon into parfait or dessert glasses and top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Show your sweet-loving husband you think enough of him to serve these refreshing, tempting summer treats. The penny-wise cornflour sweets, so many men love, are finer, creamier and easy to make with Wade's cornflour, because Wade's is triple refined for smoother cooking.

**WADE'S**  
TRIPLE-REFINED  
CORN FLOUR

AN UNCLE TOBY'S PRODUCT



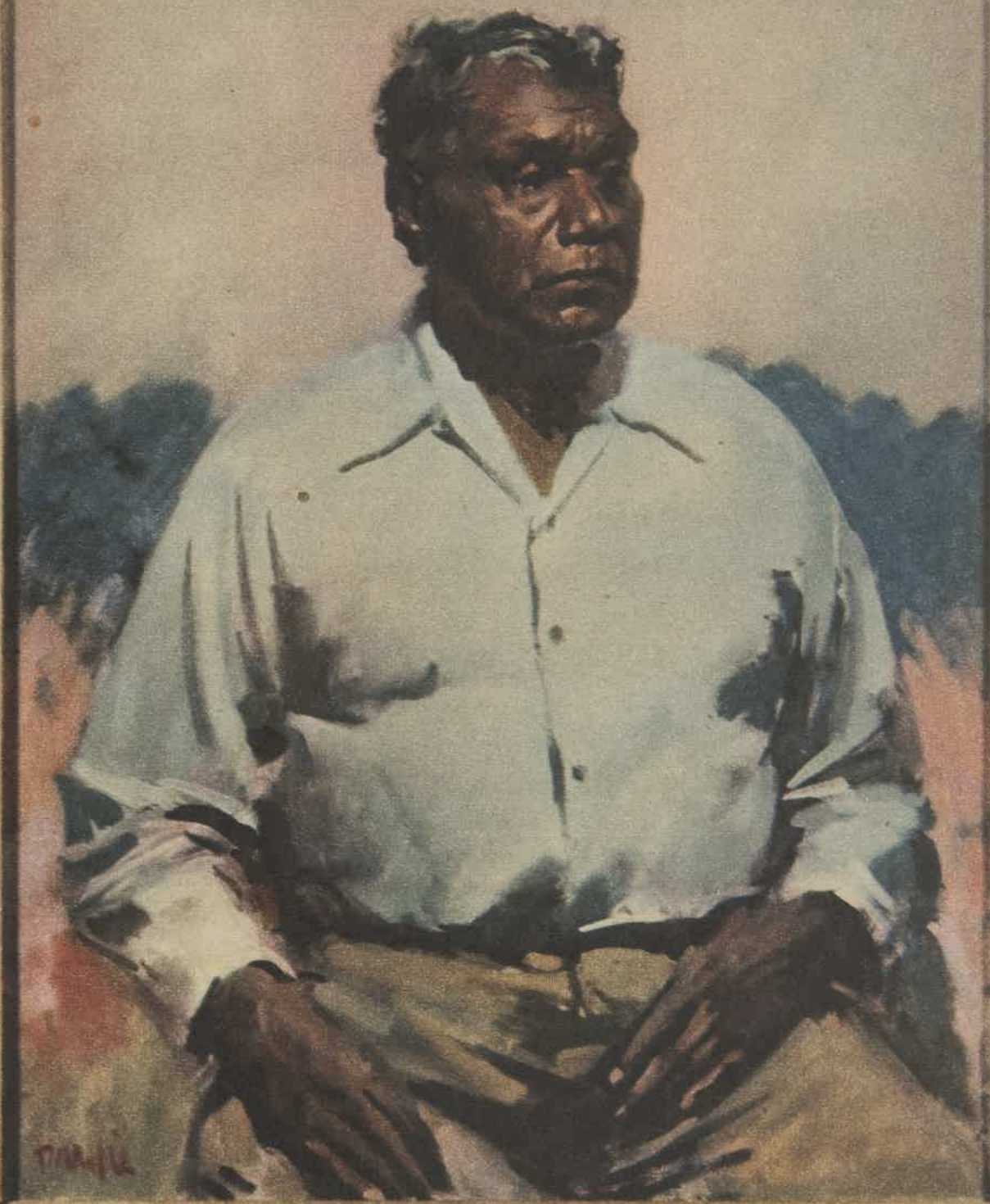
**WADE'S**  
CORN FLOUR

THIS CORNFLOUR IS MANUFACTURED FROM THE GRAIN OF  
HIGHEST QUALITY MAIZE  
AND TRIPLE-REFINED FOR  
SMOOTHER COOKING

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INCORPORATED WITH  
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40

Awarded The  
ARCHIBALD PRIZE

**WINNING PORTRAIT.** With this oil of aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira, Victorian painter William Dargie won the £500 Archibald Prize for the eighth time, creating a record. Paintings in the Archibald Prize, the Sulman Prize, and the Wynne Prize will be on view to the public until February 17 at the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney.



"I never wash my hair with soap—  
I shampoo with Vaseline  
Wonder-Foam."

says Victoria Shaw, Hollywood  
star now visiting Australia—



Bring new life . . . new shine . . . to your hair with 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam Shampoo the way beautiful Victoria Shaw does every weekend. Victoria makes her Hollywood debut in Columbia's 'The Eddy Duchin Story', co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak (now showing in Australia).



Victoria's hair is always easy to manage—because 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam leaves hair so clean that it sings through the comb . . . soft new waves ripple from the brush.

New formula makes 'Vaseline' Brand Shampoo faster foaming—even more gentle. And 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam contains no dulling soap—will bring new life . . . new shine . . . and a glorious fresh-feeling to your hair.

**Vaseline**  
**Wonder-foam SHAMPOO**

Perfect for oily, dry or normal hair.

In bottles, 3/3, 4/11 or 8/6. Handy plastic pack, 1/-.  
'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.



**Indigestion?**

For Fast **ON THE SPOT** Relief  
**DIGESTIF**

**Rennies**  
**6d**

At home or away, keep Rennies within easy reach. No fuss. No mixing. Pleasant-tasting. Now available in new handy roll pack—sold everywhere.

BUTCH



"I'm not really daring. Truth is, I'm scared of th' dark . . ."

MOTHER



"Nothing, thank you . . . AND PLEASE GO AWAY!"

## It seems to me

By



*Dorothy Drann*

THERE is one pleasing aspect of this year's Archibald Prize exhibition at Sydney's National Art Gallery, and that's the scarcity of blue serge.

In former years the predominance of blue serge suits has sometimes been quite stifling.

The terms of this competition specify the best portrait "preferentially of some man or woman distinguished in Art, Letters, Science, or Politics." You can always depend on variety in women's dress, but male sitters, if unable to sport robes, mostly used to don the good navy-blue.

This year there are only two blue suits. One is worn by Claude Hotchin, Esq. (painted by William Boissevain), and the other by New South Wales Premier Cahill (Joseph Dainer).

Indeed, there's a distinct note of informality.

I counted only 11 suits of any color among the 44 portraits of men.

The rest break down as follows:

Shirtsleeves (including the winner—see reproduction this issue), 8.

Robes and uniforms, 11.

Sweaters, windcheaters, sports coats, and cardigans, 9.

As well there is one dressing-gown, one raincoat (or it could be a dustcoat), one athletic singlet, one cubist gentleman whose dress I was unable to determine, and one whose head-only study gives no clue.

(There are 17 portraits of women, but I didn't analyse their clothes.)

The wearer of the athletic singlet, a cheerful character, James Joyce, Esq., of Prince of Wales Island (painted by Sali Herman), has a bottle of beer and a glass beside him.

And there is a young man (painted by Donald Friend) who also has a bottle and glass nearby, but as befits his elegant casual attire it's a wineglass.

The competition has raised the annual anguished howl from most critics, who deplore the traditional taste of the judges.

As you can see by the above I was far too busy compiling laborious statistics to form any artistic judgment—though perhaps I should be brave and admit that I don't mind portraits that look like people.

\*\*\*

RE that mink duster advertised in New York, mentioned in this column three weeks ago.

A correspondent tells me she has one of silver fox, given her by a friend who was having her furs renovated.

"I am a pensioner," says my correspondent, "and have not much to dust, but it shows that people who are having furs renovated can use the spare tails."

\*\*\*

AND . . . an admirer sent Princess Grace a mink toothbrush for the baby.

Times change. Such babies were formerly born with a silver spoon in the mouth—more hygienic, really.

NOT long ago an Optimists' Club in an American town endeavored to spread good cheer by giving a dime to every person in the street who smiled.

At the end of the day members retired discouraged, having given away only 15 dimes.

Most people walking along the street, shopping or hurrying to and from work, are wrapped in their own thoughts, which, judging by the expressions on faces, are seldom enjoyable.

The bigger the city the fewer the smiles. However, now and then one cheerful character can spread good humor far and wide.

The other morning, bound for the office, and no doubt scowling as usual, I passed a shop where a window-cleaner at work suddenly turned and said: "I like your little hat, kid. One of the latest, too, isn't it?"

It is some years since I was actually entitled to be called "kid." I travelled into town with a happy, foolish smile on my face.

\*\*\*

AFTER seven marriages, famous clarinetist Artie Shaw announces he is retiring from the world and women.

He now lives in a Spanish fishing village where he says he intends to meditate.

I have followed Artie's fortunes with interest ever since attending his Press interview when he visited Australia in 1954. He has soulful brown eyes, a rather bad temper, and is obviously touchy about his marriages.

One had the impression that he felt he'd exceeded the fashionable quota of wives. In Hollywood, four or five would pass without comment, but seven tend to make a man conspicuous.

Anyhow, it looks as if he's serious this time. He's spent the last few months (since his latest divorce) without getting married to anyone.

\*\*\*

A YOUNG Sydney tennis player, Margaret Hellyer, who likes fishing told a reporter, "It is so peaceful. There would be fewer nervy people if they all took up fishing."

Though it's peaceful to be sitting  
Gazing on the ocean's face,  
If you've tried at night by torchlight  
To attach a hook and trace,  
You will know (unless your fingers  
Have that enviable skill)  
Tension such as is exceeded  
Only when your sinkers spill  
Into crevices and chasms,  
Clattering downward out of sight—  
And this whole appalling frenzy,  
Just when they've begun to bite.

Still, it's peaceful on a headland  
On a day that's warm and fine;  
That's unless (now, curb your language)  
You should cop a tangled line.

GOT THOSE

*fried  
onion  
blues?*



**Quick!**  
**the Air-wick**

Nice to sniff in the right place, at the right time, but fried onion fumes and other strong smells have a habit of drifting through the whole house. Worse (like cabbage), they hang about until they're just a stale, repulsive reek.

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day . . .



**AIRWICK  
KILLS  
SMELLS  
FAST!**

## HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm. To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOLS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOLS.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**

M11





In her attractive home in Cobbittee Road, Mosman, Sydney, Mrs. E. Hart has skilfully blended modern design with beautiful Australian timbers. Both floors and furniture owe their rich lustre to regular protective care with Johnson's Waxes and Johnson's Pride.

## Australia's Most Beautiful Homes are kept beautiful with **JOHNSON'S** world-famous waxes

### Johnson's Glo-Coat makes polishing floors as easy as dusting

Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat offers you a completely new way of shining floors—without work or rubbing. Simply wipe Glo-Coat on—then let it dry to a brilliant, lasting shine. Johnson's Glo-Coat takes the hard work out of polishing wood, lino, rubber, asphalt-tile, cement and vinyl plastic—protects as it polishes.



### Johnson's Paste Wax gives all floors a beautiful future

Johnson's Paste Wax—the largest-selling paste wax in the world—is the sure way to give your floors and furniture the toughest, brightest protection. The gleaming, dust-resistant finish stands up to hard wear and lasts for months. Johnson's Paste Wax is economical, convenient, has 1,000 and 1 uses in your home. See how it brings out the natural beauty of your floors and furniture.



### Johnson's Beautiflor cleans and waxes floors in one operation

Johnson's Beautiflor halves your hardest household task 'by drycleaning your floors as it waxes them. Beautiflor removes stains that resist soap and water, and gives a brilliant, hard-wearing finish to wood floors and furniture, linoleum and vinyl plastic tiles. Johnson's Beautiflor does two jobs in one—and does them better!



### Johnson's Pride, with silicone, waxes furniture and removes smears without rubbing



Apply Johnson's Pride, then simply wipe it off! Without effort or rubbing, stains and finger marks disappear and your furniture gleams back at you with a richer, deeper lustre. Johnson's Pride is the safe, protective beauty care for all light and dark furniture—as well as for your refrigerator, washing machine and household appliances.

# JOHNSON'S

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF WAX POLISHES

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX  
JOHNSON'S BEAUTIFLOR  
JOHNSON'S PRIDE  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT  
JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX

S. C. JOHNSON AND SON PTY. LTD.,  
Queen St., Rosebery, N.S.W.  
Please send me FREE BOOKLET  
ON HOME BEAUTY CARE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

WVI



# A DIMPLED DARLING!



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS of radiant mother Princess Grace of Monaco (above), who admires her daughter, Princess Caroline, in her frilled bassinet, when the baby is brought to her mother's bedroom in the Monaco Palace. At left is Princess Caroline, held up for one of her first photographs, taken by American Howell Conant.

## Princess Grace believes in plenty of mother-love...

● Blue-eyed, brown-haired Princess Caroline Louise Marguerite of Monaco, crowing happily in her ornate Empire-period bassinet, is fat and dimpled. She is a "real beauty."

THIS is the comment of official photographer Howell Conant, one of the first in Monaco to see the first-born daughter of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

Mr. Conant, who took the exclusive pictures on these pages, said: "The baby is most photogenic."

An old palace retainer says that the baby looks rather like Prince Rainier's sister, Princess Antoinette, as a child, with the same cherub mouth and sweet smile. But proud Prince Rainier sees only Princess Grace in his daughter's face.

Proud, too, is Mrs. John B. Kelly, Princess Grace's mother. Although Mrs. Kelly was hoping that the baby would be her first grandson (she now has six granddaughters) she said: "She is the loveliest and most beautiful baby."

Even those closest to Princess Grace are surprised that she's such a wonderful mother.

Although Princess Caroline has a cot beside her mother's bed, she's "usually nestled in the Princess' arms," said her Swiss nurse.

Plenty of mother-love is what Princess Grace believes in for her baby. She doesn't approve of babies being left to themselves and she's pouring on her little daughter all her love and affection.

"It is not an act," one of her household said, "and motherhood rests most prettily on her."

Princess Grace and Prince Rainier already have pasted up in their "Baby's First Book" a cable of congratulation from Queen Elizabeth.

It appears after a cable from the Pope, which was first

to arrive at the palace after the birth of Princess Caroline.

Cables from crowned and uncrowned heads all over Europe and notables in every country have poured into the palace, as well as simply worded telegrams and notes in round, childish handwriting from as far away as Cork.

Ex-King Farouk, Ex-Queen Ena of Spain, General Franco, the King of Sweden, and President Coty sent congratulatory messages, as did Sir Winston Churchill, who lodged his at the post office at Roquebrun, the little municipality right next door to Monaco.

There has been some disappointment among the Ameri-

one day give it to Princess Caroline."

Most of the gifts to Princess Caroline are as yet a secret, but Lady Docker, who came to Monte Carlo to celebrate the birth of the heir who will make Monaco tax-free, brought with her from Cartier's, in Paris, a gift as glittering as the principality itself.

She had dropped a hint that her gift would be pearls, and it was thought in the palace household that Lady Docker was starting a string of pearls, adding one each year, perhaps.

The present, however, was a golden hen sitting on a nest of four enormous pearl eggs. The pearls are stuck fast in the nest.

Nobody, as yet, is quite sure whether it's meant as a dressing-table ornament or something for the sideboard.

Lady Docker was determined to liven up Monte Carlo, and wore a dazzling frock with jewels blazing.

She played the saxophone at the Casino, and, dethroning the pianist, gave a lively rendering of some rock-'n'-roll music.

She would like to have presented her gift to the baby in full view of Monaco's television viewers, but was persuaded to give it privately.

Princess Caroline broke protocol when she was presented to the people two days after her birth.

Although she was dressed immaculately in a dress of the finest linen and lace and a long, white traditional robe worn by every Grimaldi on presentation, she was addressed, on Prince Rainier's order, as Madame Caroline by four representatives of the people to whom she was presented.

From  
**ANNE MATHESON,**  
of our London staff,  
with exclusive radio-  
gram pictures by  
**Howell Conant**

can colony that President Eisenhower was not among the first to congratulate the American film star on the birth of her baby.

Presents are pouring in for this luckiest baby in the world and already fill one room.

Prince Rainier, in clearing out a room to make way for gifts to his daughter, found a little china trinket of three little pigs rolling into a porcelain bath, and with a smile he gave it to "Tivty," his pet name for Princess Grace's 45-year-old Australian secretary, Madge Tivey.

"This was given to me when I was a baby," he said. "Do have it."

She said, "I'll keep it, and





**HAPPY FAMILY.** Proud father Prince Rainier tucks a cover round the feet of his daughter, Princess Caroline, while Princess Grace smiles approvingly. The Prince thinks that Princess Caroline, with her dark-brown hair and blue eyes, is very like her beautiful mother, the former film star Grace Kelly.

Madame screamed her head off in their obsequious presences, and, as each made obeisance to the Princess on behalf of the people of Monaco, France, and America, she continued her lusty yelling, which was deafening in the private salon in which this old traditional ceremony took place.

Father Tucker, who claimed to have brought about the marriage; Charles Palmano, an ex-Mayor of Monaco and member of the Council; Countess Baciocchi, permanent lady-in-waiting at the palace; and the Chamberlain were also at the ceremony.

Also present were Prince Pierre, Prince Rainier's father, Princess Antoinette, his sister, and, of course, the bride's mother, Mrs. Kelly, who is still living at the palace.

The salon was decorated in white lilac and red roses, the colors of Monaco.

Princess Caroline's first present from her parents is a single pearl. Like the custom of the British Royal Family, she is to be given a pearl each year until she is 21 and the necklace is complete.

Everyone who has seen Princess Grace since her beautiful baby arrived says that she is even more lovely as a young mother than she was as Grace Kelly, Queen of Hollywood.

Doctor Hervet, Princess Grace's doctor, interviewed the world Press and corrected some of the inaccuracies about the baby. "There's no spot on her nose," said Dr. Hervet. "Her skin is unblemished and particularly lovely."

## Horoscope indicates:

# Strong sense of duty

● Following the birth of Princess Caroline, today's most important baby, Eve Hilliard has cast a special horoscope for each member of the Rainier family. Here is the way she reads Princess Caroline's:

**PRINCESS CAROLINE** (born January 23) will be an individual in her own right.

Although there are points of contact with the charts of her parents she will differ in many ways from both of them.

She will enjoy the affection of her father and the understanding of her mother, but she will make her own life and she can turn it into an outstanding success or an utter failure, probably through impulsive action due to over-enthusiasm evident in her planets in Fire signs.

That she will be loving and loved is obvious. Her Venus and Mercury, representing heart and head, are conjoined.

She will have many friends and be faithful in personal relationships, for they are placed in a cardinal sign, Capricorn, and are likely to influence her life considerably.

Her Aquarian sun shows a progressive outlook, a desire to be of use in the world, and a good social mixer. Since the sun is rising, she will take her Royal position seriously. It is favorably aspected by Saturn, which indicates a strong sense of duty.

Her sun is in square aspect to her moon. This is not as

fortunate because the moon represents her personal emotions and her private life, and its aspect could later manifest itself in an unhappy love affair.

Although the moon in Scorpio and close to Neptune will give her a peculiar and appealing charm, with great personal magnetism and a certain shy dignity, she would place her sense of duty above all other considerations, and might successfully hide a romantic disappointment from even close friends.

The sun in relation to Jupiter is in a fine position. It gives kindness, goodwill, and the ability to see the best in others.

Placed in Libra, it indicates tact in dealing with people. The position of Uranus, the ruler of her sun, to her very important Saturn would carry her through critical moments or changing circumstances with dignity.

There are conflicts in this chart, but conflicts are a challenge, and Princess Caroline should have the capacity to meet them.

Her seventh year is likely to bring important changes for her, while her 13th and again her 22nd years will be outstanding. About her 22nd year would be favorable for marriage.



**WITH HER HAIR SLEEKED BACK,** Princess Grace looks with motherly pride on her daughter, wrapped in a lacy shawl. Princess Caroline weighed 8lb. 3oz. at birth and is a healthy baby. On the Prince's order, she is addressed as "Madame Caroline."





Do you have a home rather like this? Solid, comfortable, but just a little lacking in dash? You don't want to spend a lot of money, but you do want to give your home a bright, colourful lift. Try canvas awnings — and perhaps canvas side curtains on the carport. Canvas is surprisingly inexpensive for the effect it gives, and it is not restricted to any style of house. Modern homes, traditional homes or just plain homes all take to canvas.

# The biggest decorating lift you can give a house is Canvas . . .

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS



Order awnings early for quick delivery

Look at the transformation! There's a spruceness, an almost martial trimness about your house now. The awnings tell every passerby that here is a house about whose looks its owners really care! You can't miss the improvement!

Awnings automatically make a house pleasanter to live in. Summer

heat indoors is reduced up to 20°. Fading of furnishings is reduced to nothing.

And you have such a range of awnings colours and styles to choose from. Your awnings dealer can offer you plain colours, block stripes or multicoloured blinds in a wonderful variety of colours.



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY CANVAS  
It is the quality seal of the Canvas Goods Manufacturers' Federation of Australia. It guarantees the strong, lasting serviceability of the goods which carry it.

CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA



# 'Dog Talk' No. 10; results of No. 7

WHAT is this wistful puppy saying as he pokes his head round the door?

Bright and descriptive answers to this question can win prize-money totalling £100 in our "Dog Talk" Contest No. 10.

Weekly prize-money is made up of one award of £50, three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

And "Dog Talk" is a contest in which every member of the family can join. All you have to do is write a caption of not more than 15 words to describe what you think the puppy would be saying if only he could talk.

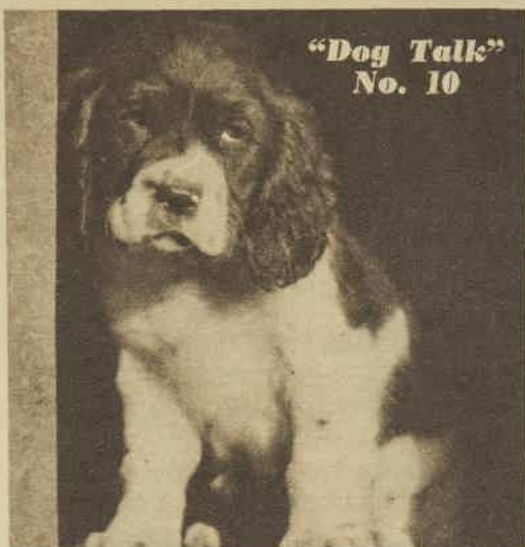
Results of "Dog Talk" No. 7, at right, will give you the idea. Prizes are awarded to the most original and apt sayings, so don't concentrate only on song titles.

Where more than one reader submits the same entry, the first one opened will be the one put aside for final judging.

Entries for "Dog Talk" No. 10 will close on February 11, and results will be announced in our issue dated February 27.

Remember that you can send as many entries as you please, but each group must be accompanied by the identification coupon on this page.

There will be another dog picture and another £100 in prize-money to be won next week.



## CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 10 will close on FEBRUARY 11. Winners will be announced in our FEBRUARY 27 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

● First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 7 was won by Mr. Grant Wilkinson, 28 Naldera St., Glandore, S.A., who saw the dog wearily resigned as he listens to a conversation he has heard many times before.

HIS entry was: "Guess I was in love myself once."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. E. Murphy, "High Acres," Bellbrook Rd., Upway, Vic.

"EVERYONE knows now."

Mr. W. B. Gray, 19 Cameron St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

"Maybe she lives there?"

Mrs. R. Love, Arbutus St., Killarney, Qld.

"Watchdog nothing! I'm waiting to make a call."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. C. M. Hanson, Flat 6, Block 1, 42 McKenzie St., Lismore, N.S.W.

"Now I know what makes the boss so touchy."

Mrs. R. May, Box 18, Minlaton, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.

"Some jiffy!"

M. Pederson, Richmond St., Woodendong, N.S.W.

"I hope the 'Goodbye'"

## ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly  
"Dog Talk" Contest  
No. 10, February 6,  
1957.

doesn't take as long as the 'Hello.'"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. H. J. Warnock, Box 13, Post Office, Paringa, S.A.

"If she doesn't soon come out I'll be charged with loitering."

Mrs. S. R. Merrett, 24a Burrum St., Bundaberg, Qld.

"I wonder how long you can live without eating?"

Mrs. J. Geary, 21 Warralong Cres., Mount Lawley, W.A.

"Anyone care to play noughts and crosses?"

Mrs. H. Williams, 45 Bloomfield Rd., Ascot Vale W.2, Vic.

"There's nothing left for me to say."

Mrs. W. Weeks, School House, Maroon, via Boonah, Qld.

"A feller should leave her there!"

The most popular entry in "Dog Talk" No. 7 was

"Women!" Next to it were

"Patience is a virtue" and

"Yap-yap-yap," with many variations on both these themes.

Hundreds of readers also saw the dog as a man waiting impatiently to use the telephone to make a date with a girl.

Many others considered the dog's only thoughts to be about getting to the butcher in time to buy his supper.

Surprisingly few saw him as a faithful pet content to wait forever for his mistress.

Some readers forgot to include the State in their addresses.

Before posting entries for "Dog Talk" No. 10, please check that your name and address, including the State, are clearly written. This will be a considerable help to the judges.



"Guess I was in love myself once."



## GO VOLKSWAGEN and go backed by super service

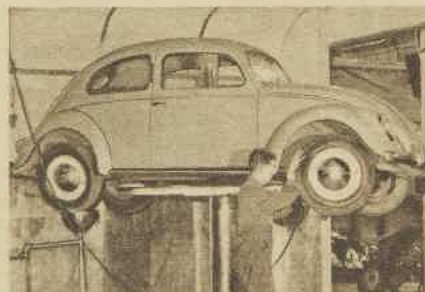
... from Broome to Bacchus Marsh ... from Brisbane to Burnie



Wherever you go in Australia your Volkswagen is backed by a nation-wide network of VW service stations — and every VW mechanic is a specialist — kept up to date with the most advanced overseas information.



Unique Voucher System ensures complete servicing of your Volkswagen. The VW service booklet contains voucher coupons showing operations to be carried out at regular mileages.



Look closely at the next VW service station you pass. See the completely equipped workshop — the spick and span mechanics who operate speedily and efficiently. Your car is serviced thoroughly — never "just another job".



Super service is another reason why Volkswagen is Australia's best car value. Only £971 including sales tax. See your VW Distributor and traffic test today's Volkswagen!



Special Volkswagen designed tool kits are essential equipment in every VW station. That means the tools used on your car are made precisely for that purpose. Result? Maintenance is carried out with 100% precision.



YOUR  
VW  
NEED NEVER  
BE OFF  
THE ROAD!

At all times, your VW Service Agent is under an obligation to you to carry a complete supply of spare parts — and prices for VW spare parts are uniform all over the Commonwealth.







STAGE-DOOR JOHNNIES have always been a part of theatrical history. Here Brenda Charles plays "Miss Annabelle Lee," a music-hall star, surrounded by admirers. The principal "Johnny" is the Hon. Tony Moynihan (left, at door), who plays himself.



ATTRACTIVE BRENDA CHARLES sings "A Corset Does a Lot For a Lady" in this lavish music-hall setting, with the "Bowery Honky-Tonk Four" strumming on gold pianos in the background and the chorus providing plenty of eye-appeal in the foreground.



# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

MAGNIFICENTLY costumed, with songs, slapstick, and risqué humor, "The Good Old Days" is a variety revue of 50 years of vaudeville. It opened in Sydney and leaves on the Tivoli circuit for a 13-week Melbourne season on February 2. Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle, Brisbane, and New Zealand audiences are on the schedule.



"MR. AUSTRALIA OF YESTERDAY," played by veteran comic Morry Barling, is the hero of a skit called "By the Beautiful Sea." Morry is supported (literally) by some old-fashioned bathing belles and a bevy of bikini-clad modern beach girls.

GEORGE WALLACE and Jim Gerald, whose slapstick comedy antics have headed many a vaudeville bill, are together in "The Two Bright Boys of Vaudeville." The pictures on these two pages were taken by staff photographer Derek Brook.





ABOVE: The vigorous, madcap days of the "Roaring Twenties" are vividly recalled by these Dancing Debs. In the fashionable long waists and short skirts of the day, the girls fling themselves through an entertaining but exhausting Charleston routine.

BELOW: "Easter Parade," one of the most colorful scenes in the show, takes the audience back to Fifth Avenue Park in 1910. Bill French and Brenda Charles (right foreground) sing the theme, "Easter Parade," while ballerina Edna Busse dances.





HERE'S a success story with a difference—about college student Clive Gason, of Victoria Park, W.A., who likes progressive dressing.

Last year's supplies of ties in the Perth stores were not "different" enough for Clive.

During the May school holidays he asked a city sewing firm how to sew a tie. Then, with a piece of material of his own choosing, he tackled the old, idle family sewing machine.

His first tie was a success, and a friend asked him to make six of similar design.

That was the beginning. Orders flowed in until, by August school holidays, Clive had to farm out work.

Clive's ambition had always been dentistry.

So while he kept on buying materials, taking orders, and supervising his staff he continued to study.

He was runner-up to the dux of his school—Wesley College. In the Leaving he passed in six subjects with three distinctions.

Clive now supplies ties to the Perth metropolitan area, and has representatives in the country and in the eastern States.

His factory staff consists of nine, and three members of his family are working for him at home.

He chooses all materials himself, and regularly visits his agencies.

Clive still wants to be a dentist. He hopes his still-growing business will finance his University course.

# Worth Reporting

## Tourists in a big way

THE novels of Nevil Shute influenced an American couple to visit Australia recently.

The Americans are Mr. and Mrs. Hughston McBain, who spent a crowded month in Australia combining business and pleasure.

Mr. McBain is head of the famous Marshall Field empire in Chicago, the largest importing store in America, and the world's second largest retail store. Macy's, in New York, is the largest.

The McBains visited New Zealand, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

"On the business side," Mr. McBain told us, "we came to see what could be bought in Australia for Marshall Fields."

"I'm taking back a couple of hundred samples, including crocodile and kangaroo handbags and shoes, knitted baby-wear, and toy koalas."

"We're also taking some personal things, including opals, unmounted for earrings, knitwear for our six grandchildren, boomerangs, and Australian books for ourselves."

The books include Frank Hurley's "Australia," "Biography of John Macarthur," by M. H. Ellis, "Great Barrier Reef," by T. C. Roughley, "Australian Sea Shores," by W. J. Dakin, "Bird Wonders," by A. H. Chisholm, and a book of 12 Australian prints.



"I've taken a lot of stereo pictures — three-dimensional photographs—in Australia," said Mr. McBain.

"For example, the Sydney Harbor Bridge, my wife holding koalas at the zoo, Birds of Paradise, and a platypus."

"And street scenes, too—I find they show the character of a place, and make it easy to recall later."

In Chicago the McBains are keen curling enthusiasts.

"It's a Scottish game similar to bowls," Mr. McBain said, "except that it's played on ice, with 40lb. granite stones instead of bowls."

"I was first president of the Chicago Curling Club," he added proudly. "We've been to bonspiels as far away as Canada."

[A bonspiel is a tournament sometimes played on natural

ice, but more often on artificial ice.]

"We saw a little curling in New Zealand," said Mr. McBain, "but nothing to compare with back home."

IN a recent B.B.C. broadcast, Kate O'Callaghan, whose husband is an architect, said:

"Once, when my husband was working on an architectural competition, I wanted his advice on an urgent domestic problem. I rapped on the end of his desk to attract his attention."

"After what seemed minutes he dragged his mind back, and I told him what I wanted. I waited for an answer. At last, in desperation, I said, 'Did you hear me?' 'Yes,' he said. 'I was seeing you as the newel post of a staircase.'"

## Hand-in-glove with fashion

A GENTLEMAN'S gloves, according to a Paris tailor, should never be carried in the hand—like dead fish. Wear them by all means, he says in a note of sartorial advice, but preferably they should be of antelope, velvet, or deer.

Socks should match the tie, and tubular, slender ties are recommended. Bows are only for evening, and scarves for sport or golf, knotted inside the shirt.

Shirts should be white or ivory; no pastel tones.

A FRIEND told us this week that she had already bought several presents for Christmas, 1957. How early can you get?

## Background books for children

TWO interesting little books appeared in our office this week—both in the Background of Australia series, published by Shakespeare Head Press.

One was Patricia Thompson's "Our Northern Treasure House," an up-to-date account of Australia above the Tropic of Capricorn.

The other was Joyce Nicholson's "Our First Overlander." This is the enthralling story of Hamilton Hume, the first Australian-born explorer, and his expeditions.

The Background to Australia books are produced for school-age children. They are the most pleasant form of learning we have seen.

## A Kentish baker at sea

"I'VE never tasted bread or rolls as good as my own," said Mr. Joseph Edward Jones, of the Orient liner Orsova, recently.

Mr. Jones, head baker of the Orsova, was awarded the British Empire Medal in recognition of his 38 years as a baker afloat.

Fifty-five-year-old, 19-stone Mr. Jones bakes 5748 ordinary rolls a day, plus crescent rolls and bread.

"When I first went to sea in 1919, we had to knead dough by hand and bake in coke ovens," he said. Now everything is done electrically—mixing, kneading, rolling, and cooking.

Ordinary rolls, says Mr. Jones, are easy. But it takes three men one hour to produce 180 crescents.

In his high chef's cap, big white apron, and blue-and-white check working trousers, Mr. Jones showed us his spotless galley. And, as a special favor, he gave us the recipe for his delicious rolls.

"To every 4lb. flour, add 1oz. sugar and 1oz. salt, approximately 2 pints of water, and a good pinch of yeast improver. That's all."

When he heard the news of his award, Mr. Jones cabled his wife in Kent. "She'll be very proud," he said.

"We married 30 years ago, but I only get home for about a week every four months. We haven't seen enough of each other."

"When I retire, in about five years, I'll never bake another loaf."

## For clear, smooth skin like theirs . . . use PEARS

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

### Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure.

That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too?



Pears . . . so pure you can see right through it

### ECONOMICAL ! LASTS LONGER — NO WASTE !

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.





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Mortein Pressure \* Pak can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. Mortein Pressure \* Pak is guaranteed not to contain DDT.

Killing flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests with Mortein Pressure \* Pak is "dead easy." It's the simplest way of destroying insect pests ever invented. It's the fastest and safest way as well; and 100% effective.

It is the high concentration of Mortein in Mortein Pressure \* Pak, and the exceptional penetration of the mist that ensures the killing of all insect pests in any room after only 3-seconds' spraying.

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**PRESSURE \* PAK**  
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'SAVLON' is excellent, too, for minor household burns, cuts, common skin complaints, etc., in fact 'A First Aid Kit in a Tube'! Obtainable only from Chemists.



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Continuing **LADY BEHAVE**

# THE CAREER GIRL

When she should pay for herself . . .

● Here is our second instalment from the amusing and instructive new guide to modern manners, "Lady Behave," written by two leading London columnists, Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus.

THE going has never been so good for a bachelor woman who has a paid job. She not only gets her pay packet and her independence but she is still able to enjoy the remnants of masculine gallantry. In many fields she is paid a salary that compares with a man's, and she can still graciously lie low when it comes to standing her round of drinks when men are about.

The single woman who has never held a paid job is now an exception. The new problem is not whether she should go out to work, but how far she should carry the new equality into her social relationship with men; when she should assert her independence and when to fall back on her femininity.

What she has to decide now is when to take charge with business efficiency and pay the bill, and when to sparkle sweetly over the pink champagne while he foots the bill.

And the kernel of this dilemma is that the more often she takes charge with businesslike efficiency the less chances she gets of melting his heart.

### Paying the bill

THE modern situation is that a working girl should pay out on certain social occasions, since everyone knows

she has money of her own. The exact when, why, and how of paying out differs with each personal relationship, but a useful guide to bear in mind is this:

If he makes a date with you to take you out, dismiss the thought that you have to pay. If you meet frequently on

jects when you first produce the cash, offer later.

If you are lucky enough to know someone who consistently refuses to share the bill,

dress, and behaviour is disappearing.

Secondly, any girl operating in a highly competitive sphere cannot help noticing how successful many a girl is when her boss has her interests especially at heart.

Obviously, if the man who can most assist the ambitious girl in her career takes a personal liking to her, it can be invaluable as a short cut. The world is thick with proof of it. But she is going to pay a price, and not necessarily the one that first springs to mind.

There will be the girl rival she leaves behind, glaring reproachfully, and saying, "You know how she got on."

And not to be overlooked is the probability that her Svengali may find more promise in another fledgling.

No matter how good she is at the job for how long, there will always be the envious little band of needlers who never admit that it takes hard work and flair to remain where she is.

One of the extra hazards of being a career girl is that she can never be sure whether the man's interest in her is professional or not. She can be too sure it is not.

We remember the case of the girl who gave a cynical laugh when asked by a businessman contact if she would one day care to come and see his etchings. He looked strangely put out, and no wonder. For she heard later that he had one of the most famous collections in the country.



The New Woman

business or find yourself eating together by chance, he will probably expect you to offer to pay your whack.

If you invite him to a meal, clearly you are the hostess and should pay.

### Splitting the bill

ONCE upon a time young men resented the idea of accepting money from women. These days, when so many girls earn good salaries, they are not noticeably averse to splitting the bill.

But such is masculine pride that the transaction requires delicate handling. Most men dislike being seen taking cash across the table, so if he ob-

jects when you first produce the cash, offer later.

If you are lucky enough to know someone who consistently refuses to share the bill,

the only way to repay hospitality is to invite him to a meal at home or to a theatre, where the paying can be done in advance.

This view by-passes vital considerations where the modern career girl is concerned.

First, it is much more likely today that she will catch the boss' eye now that class distinction in speech,

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## ...And how she should dress

● There is no doubt of it that looking her best can be a powerful weapon.

dated in six months. Every year brings cheaper and prettier clothes for the small stock-size figures, and besides, men generally prefer to see a girl in something new.

### Not stock size

THE recommendations are harder to take. She is made for the one-good-thing theory, since the inexpensive little dress that looks so attractive on the average-size girl looks a mess on her.

We know only one girl who could consistently restrain the impulse to fritter away her money on a cheap, pretty purchase for a special occasion.

For two years she looked a nobody, then emerged from her chrysalis of an old mackintosh, old shoes, and worn jerseys and skirts and astonished everyone by appearing in one or two dresses of spectacular elegance made to suit her.

### On shoes

SINCE, as someone has already pointed out, a woman spends all her life on

her feet or in her bed, the soundest course is to find a make of shoe which is comfortable and never, never to let it go.

On the question of fashionable shoes—any well-dressed woman will confirm that the unworn shoes in her cupboard are not the very uncomfortable ones but the pairs that were once highly fashionable. We note that the only fashionable shoe which has not dated is a plain court shoe.

### On alterations

IT is not a sound idea to buy the kind of clothes that need a great deal of alteration by the shop fitter, unless you are lucky enough to be able to fix them yourself. The ready-made dress trade is far more skilled at tailoring and dressmaking than most fitters.

Wise customers dismiss the idea that a badly fitting coat off the rack can ever be altered to look as trim as it does when the salesgirl holds yards of it in at the back.

Nor will it ever be made to fit if the dress is a size too small for you by letting out a seam and moving buttons.

### On accessories

THERE is a short list of accessories few girls regret buying—a pair of suede gloves for best; several pairs of white cotton ones; a string of pearls or beads; a good leather belt; a stiff petticoat; a strapless bra for all those off-the-shoulder or low-cut sweaters and topless dresses; a pair of plain court shoes.

The theory behind this list is that when a girl puts on a cheap, off-the-shoulder, full-skirted dress, the bodice looks prettier because it has the right bra for it, the skirt looks full because she has a stiff petticoat under it, her waist looks trim with the good leather belt on it, and she finishes off the outfit with the shoes, the gloves, the beads.

This is the principle behind all those fashion photographs that make a three-guinea dress look as if it cost thirty guineas.

**NEXT WEEK: How to Refer to the Man in Your Life.**





**SMORGASBORD PARTY.** Dimity Davis (left), with Wendy Lloyd Jones and Barry Cohen at the party held at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach. A champagne and salad supper was served on the lawns in front of the club.



**SUPPER ON THE LAWN** at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, for (from left) Mrs. John Lavender, of "Trinke," Quirindi, Mrs. Ian Curlew, of "Breen," Keith, South Australia, John Lavender, Robin Linsley, of "Harben Vale," Blandford, Adrian Poole, of "Llanello," Singleton, and Mrs. Keith Cowlishaw. More than 300 people, dressed in casual clothes, attended this Smorgasbord party, which was in aid of the Palm Beach Surf Life Saving Club.



**LUNCHING** at Princes are Bill Poulton, of Lautoka, Fiji, and his fiancée, Jill Bowyer, who leaves on board Strathnaver for six months' holiday in England. They will marry when Jill returns to Sydney later this year.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**TWO** young people not long back from overseas are busy making plans for their wedding in Sydney on May 3. They are Joan Rich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. B. Rich, of Elizabeth Bay, and Fred Grimwade, of Toorak, Melbourne.

Joan arrived home two weeks ago after 10 months' holiday in England and Europe, and her fiancé returned to Melbourne in December after doing post-graduate work in agricultural science at Ohio University, U.S.A. Joan will be attended by three bridesmaids at the wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point... Colleen Hall, Mary Osborne, and Mary de Salis (who returns in March from a trip abroad).

**NEWLYWEDS** Helen and Geoffrey Findlay are holidaying at Norfolk Island after their wedding at St. Clements, Mosman. Helen is the only daughter of Mrs. G. H. Waite.

**SIR DANIEL** and Lady McVey helped Lord and Lady Baillieu receive more than two hundred guests at the farewell party given for the Baillieus in the Rainbow Room of the Australia Hotel. Lord and Lady Baillieu left by air for South Africa after a three months' visit to Australia... Lady Baillieu told me that they will spend about six weeks in the Union, returning to their home in England early in March.

**PHYSIOTHERAPIST** Veronica Thomas is planning an August wedding at the Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley. Veronica will marry Greg Fitzgerald, who is the second son of Mrs. M. E. Fitzgerald, of Wagga Wagga, and the late Mr. E. L. Fitzgerald.

**TWINS** Diana and David Williams have issued invitations for a cocktail party to be held at their Bellevue Hill home on Saturday, February 2. Among the one hundred and twenty guests will be Sally Best, Vanessa Schneider, Tim Studdert, and Roger McGrath.

**SOAKING** up the sun at Terrigal are Wendy Peters and her fiancé, Ian ("Mick") Bowman, of "Granbalang," Singleton. Wendy, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Peters, of Lindfield, is staying with "Mick" and his parents, the Wallace Bowmans, at their beach house.



**EARLY ARRIVALS** at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening night of the Mozart opera "Don Giovanni" were music lovers Peter Moran and Alison Ward.



**CHRISTENING.** Mr. and Mrs. Peter Playfair with their daughter Anna Vessa, who was christened at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Playfair was formerly Anna George.

**TAKING** a vacation from her French-language course at the University of Lausanne, in Switzerland, Jan Bore spent a fortnight skiing in Klosters, Austria, and is now staying in Germany at the home of a fellow student from the University. Jan has now been overseas for two years, and in her letters to the family at Rose Bay she still doesn't mention returning home.

**FAREWELL** parties have been in full swing this week for Mrs. Joseph Donnelly, of Bellevue Hill, who leaves for America on Friday, February 1, in the new American glamor liner Monterey. Mrs. Donnelly will visit relatives in Santa Monica and Los Angeles, and will return to Sydney on board Monterey in September.

Anne



**TRIO OF GUESTS** at the farewell party for Lord and Lady Baillieu are Jan Wilson, (left) and her fiancé, Tim Baillieu, with Tim's sister Lois (Mrs. Geoff Abram). Jan is the daughter of Mrs. A. K. A. Gilkes and the late Mr. R. F. Wilson, of "Moonamby," Mudgee. Tim is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis.



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The whole family enjoys using  
Lifebuoy now, for here's a fragrance  
both men and women like.

NOW THE NICEST PEOPLE USE LIFEBOUY



## Arlene discusses nylon nighties and metaphysics

From our London office

★ Dazzling, red-headed film actress Arlene Dahl, Hollywood's strawberry-sundae girl with a flair for business, doesn't agree with Marilyn Monroe on what a girl should wear to bed.

MARILYN claims that Chanel No. 5 is the best sleepwear for an American girl and lavender water for a British girl.

But 29-year-old Arlene, who has a porcelain complexion, an 18in. waist, and the loveliest pair of legs in Hollywood since Betty Grable's, thinks that a frivolous nylon negligee will do more for a girl's morale than any amount of perfume.

This, of course, could be subtle propaganda on the part of Miss Dahl.

You'll see why in just a minute.

When Arlene flew into London from New York not so long ago to make a film, "Fortune Is a Woman," with Britain's Jack Hawkins, we interviewed her in a 20-guinea-a-day suite at London's swanky Dorchester Hotel.

Looking more relaxed and beautiful than even a film star has a right to be, Miss Dahl admitted that she owned a big sleepwear business back in "little ole Noo York." She also made it quite clear that she preferred to talk about negligees, nighties, slippers, boudoir caps, and face-creams than her "little ole movie."

These, you may have guessed, are some products of Arlene Dahl Enterprises, which has a luxury office in the Empire State Building, New York—the world's highest man-made monument.

The doll-faced red-head pouted her rosebud lips and said that all accessories must match. And all must be nylon. A forget-me-not blue is Arlene's favorite color. "It's a color for the delicate, sweet woman," she explained. "A sleeping outfit should be decorated with flowers at the bosom and the hemline."

Arlene designs some of her own products, selling her specially created negligees for six guineas and slippers for three guineas.

The beauty with the perfect skin blinked her cornflower-blue eyes and stretched out on a soft, blue, silk-covered day-bed.

She said, "I like to relax as much as possible. A good girl should get eight hours sleep every night if she wants to stay pretty."

"I relax Yoga fashion. I send my toes to sleep first, then my body, and lastly my head. I'm quite serious when I say that."

Arlene keeps her beautiful red hair soft and glittering by washing it with champagne, but she thinks girls' eyes are their most important feature.

But, she added, "I don't go in for this caviare eye-pack stuff. I think there's only one way to use caviare—eat it."

Arlene said, "I'm not a dumb but a serious type of girl, you know. I have a great interest in metaphysics."

"That's the main reason why I divorced my first husband, Lex Barker (Tarzan No. 10). Lex wasn't interested in serious study."

"I doubt if he even knew

what the word metaphysics meant."

"People used to make a lot of jokes about me being Tarzan's mate and asked if we ate our dinner in tree-tops. I didn't mind that so much as Lex not even bothering to find out about metaphysics."

He could, of course, had he cared, have looked up the dictionary and seen its definition as "theoretical philosophy of being and knowing."

Arlene's present husband is long-lashed Latin film-actor-lover Fernando Lamas.

As well as being an actor he's an amateur poet, who dashes off verses for Arlene. He also understands the meaning of metaphysics.

Arlene's eyes sparkled as she said, "We — that's Fernando and I — keep books and note-paper beside our beds all the time, and whenever we get any ideas about philosophy or religion we jot them down straight away."

"Intellect is so important in a man. A handsome face helps, but what I go for are qualities of mind."



ARLENE DAHL shows the loveliest pair of legs in Hollywood while modelling one of the full and frivolous underskirts that she has designed.



BOUDOIR SLIPPERS designed for the American woman by Arlene Dahl Enterprises are soft and feminine in accordance with the taste of the firm's guiding light.



SKETCH-BOOK in hand, actress Arlene Dahl strikes a positive pose as she sits among lingerie and fripperies that she designs and markets so successfully in America.



BRITISH STAR Jack Hawkins, Arlene's co-star in the film "Fortune Is a Woman," seems to agree with her that a woman should be like a flower that remains in the full bloom of beauty all the time. It looks easy for Arlene.



# Musical extravaganza . . . OK

## Film Fan-Fare



ROD STEIGER, bearded for the role of Jud, the handyman, is the powerful and morose villain of "Oklahoma!" It's a character at once difficult and flamboyant, requiring menacing mannerisms to indicate a potential killer, a silky-soft voice, and yet enough charm to make Jud attractive to a girl as young as Laurey. Steiger seems to be the perfect choice for this complex role.

★ "Oklahoma!" is one of the big film musicals coming to Australia this year. Filmed originally in the gigantic Todd-AO process and Eastman Color, it will be shown here in the CinemaScope version. The whole show is set in the early days of Oklahoma, where "the corn is as high as an elephant's eye," and it mingles rollicking and romantic music with a story that has all the folksy charm of an old-fashioned square dance. Popular singing star Gordon MacRae and fresh-faced ingenue Shirley Jones play the key screen roles of Curly and Laurey. They are supported by a top cast of performers.



ABOVE: Returning to Claremore, Will Parker (Gene Nelson), centre, tells Aunt Eller (comedian Charlotte Greenwood) and company "Everythin's Up To Date In Kansas City."

RIGHT: Bejewelled and spangled ladies in a gambling-house. They are part of the dream sequence in "Oklahoma!" Talented Agnes deMille staged all the dances in the film.

BELOW: The girls who are to act as bridesmaids for Laurey (Shirley Jones) gather for the singing of the song "Out Of My Dreams." "Oklahoma!" is to be released by R.K.O.



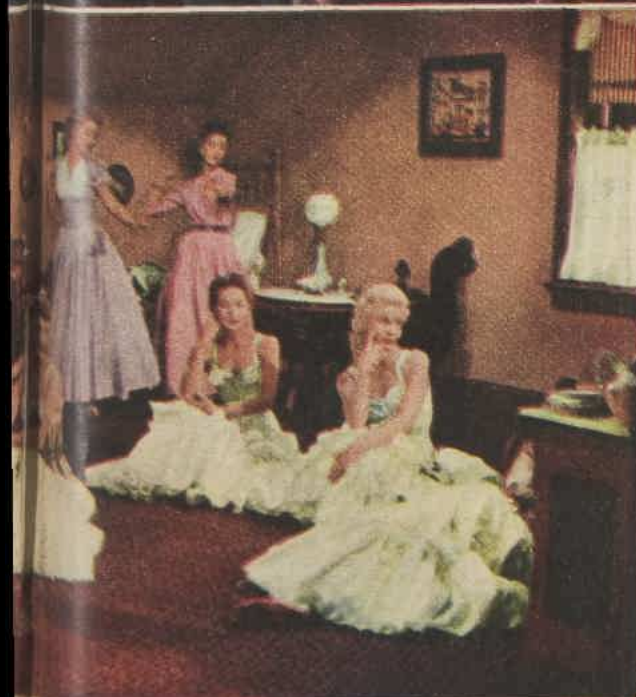
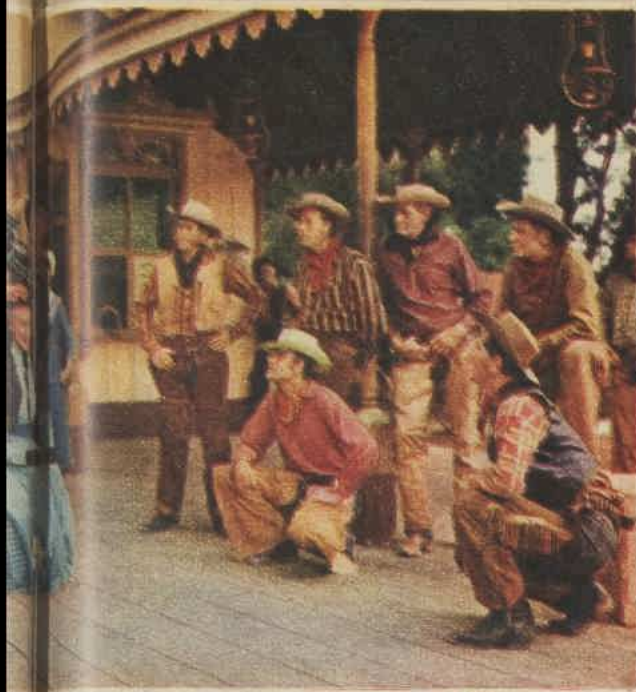
ABOVE: Cute and pretty Barbara Lawrence as Gerie Cummings snuggles up to Eddie Albert, who plays Ali Hakim in the story.

RIGHT: Ado Annie (Gloria Grahame) and Will Parker (Gene Nelson). These two carry some comedy and a few good tunes and dances.

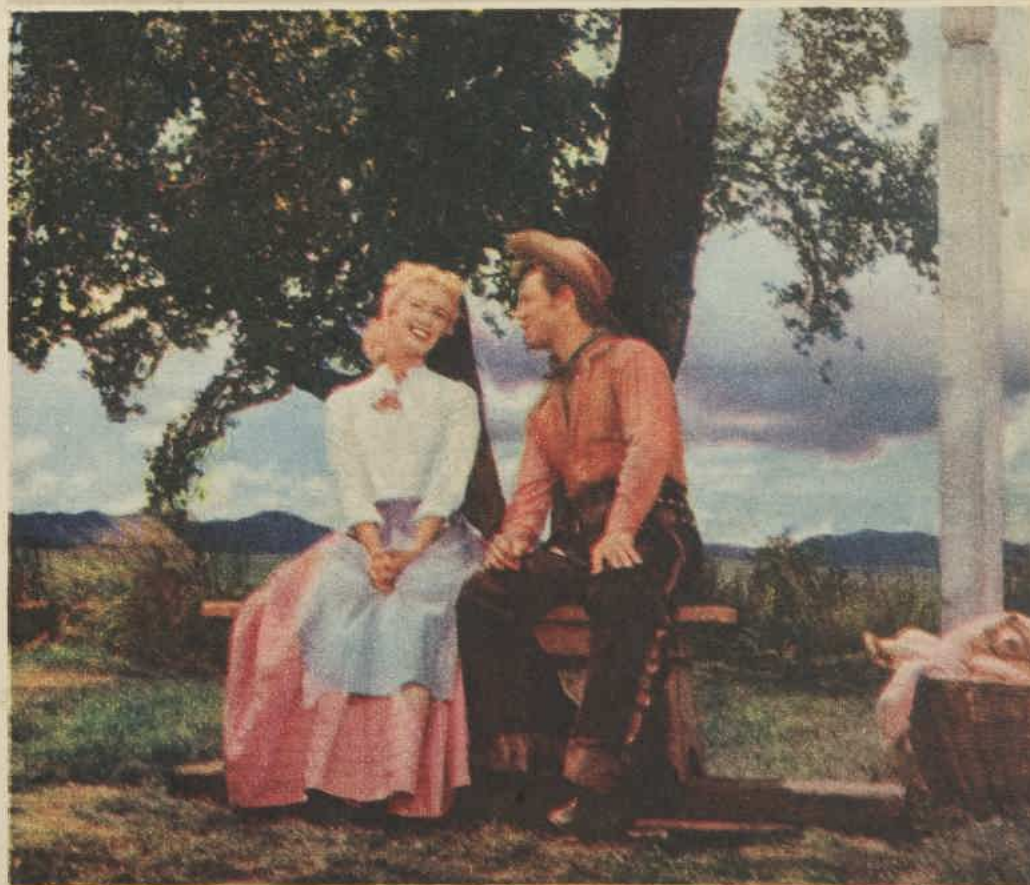




# OKLAHOMA!



*THE HAPPY COUPLE.* Curly (Gordon MacRae) and his pretty Laurey (Shirley Jones) head for their honeymoon in "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top" after their romantic wedding. Jud (Rod Steiger), the fiercely jealous rejected suitor, provides some tense moments later on. He is unable to face losing Laurey to another man.



*WASH-DAY* chores are forgotten as Laurey (Shirley Jones) listens to Curly (Gordon MacRae), her chap-clad cowboy beau, sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." A long-run, smash hit on Broadway, "Oklahoma!", with music by Richard Rodgers and the book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, played in Australia in 1950.



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do you?"

says DIANA ANDREWS,  
leading Australian Model.



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# New stars, locations lure Hollywood

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

**M**ORE and more, Hollywood producers are turning to Europe, not only for its films but also for its stars. Once, the fabulous suburb of Los Angeles had only to crook its finger and wave a cheque book to have any star come flying over to perform before its cameras.

**N**OW it is Hollywood which sends its emissaries forth into the world to enlist new stars and to make some of its biggest new films.

Gold is where you find it. It is no longer to be imported from an alien land to be processed in a Hollywood studio, but mined on the spot.

They have struck a rich vein of that gold in Europe. Hollywood is today making almost as many films abroad as it is in its native California.

Its producers are as busy as bees in Madrid, London, Paris, Rome, Athens, the Congo, Kenya, Munich—and even in smaller countries like Belgium and Holland.

Already they have reaped great box-office harvests from films like "Quo Vadis?" and "Roman Holiday." "War and Peace," one of their biggest epics, was filmed entirely in the Cinecitta studios in Rome and on location in Italy.

And soon that other colossus, Stanley Kramer's "The Pride and the Passion," made on location in Spain, will be through the cutting rooms and on the world's screens.

"Moby Dick," made off the coasts of Britain by one of Hollywood's most gifted directors, is now on show.

Probably the biggest of them all, "Around the World in 80 Days," was literally made round the world, and used some of the biggest international stars just for walk-on roles.

A handful of the films Hollywood is now making at scattered points throughout Europe tells the story:

In Paris—"Love in the Afternoon." Stars are Gary

Cooper (American), Audrey Hepburn (British), and Maurice Chevalier (French).

In Athens and Hydra, Greece—"Boy on a Dolphin," which puts Alan Ladd opposite Italy's Sophia Loren.

At Elstree in Britain, with locations in Spain's Sierra Nevada—"Action of the Tiger," starring the gorgeous Martine Carol, of France, with Van Johnson, and a great Spanish heart-throb, Gustavo Rojo.

On the Riviera—"Harvest Thunder," with Italian Pier Angeli, Mel Ferrer, and Michele Morgan, of France.

It's a list that could be multiplied many times.

Ray Milland, now turned producer, told some of the reasons for it when he was over here on his way to make "Lisbon" in Portugal.

"If Hollywood really wants to find great new screen personalities she has to look for them in London, Paris, and Rome," said Ray. "Not only are many of them ravishingly lovely, and bursting with talent, but they have that rare quality of magnetism which above all makes stars."

It's the thing which is lacking among a lot of American youngsters who should be swarming up to take the places of the great screen personalities of yesterday.

"Another big difficulty is that, except for one or two studios, no Hollywood company today can keep up a 'stable' of talented youngsters who are continuously groomed for stardom over a period, sometimes of years, and who ultimately emerge sensationally when they are good and ready for their big chance.



ABOVE: Film-star Gregory Peck and his pretty French wife, Veronique, arrive in London just before the shooting of "Moby Dick."



RIGHT: Peck, as Captain Ahab, stalks the deck of the "Pequod" in this scene from "Moby Dick."

"Of course there are failures, but this system produced distinctive star personalities like George Nader, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, and Rock Hudson.

"But it has hardly produced any great feminine promise recently.

"No wonder we have to offer fortunes to foreign stars like Lollobrigida and Loren to come and make an occasional picture for us—to keep world-star quality in our films."

## Authentic trend

BUT Hollywood has gone further than just recruiting stars from any country where they can be found.

It is taking the battle of the box office into the territories of its new competitors in the film business and filming its stories in their true settings. Even their film stories are

chosen with an eye to their international appeal.

In Britain they have gone further and established a whole Hollywood colony of movie-making organisations, offshoots of Metro, Fox, Columbia, R.K.O., Universal, to film from bases in Britain and using local studios.

Even the Australian-made, English-completed "The Shiralee," though ostensibly made by an English company, Ealing, was made with Hollywood backing. For Ealing's new foster-parent is M.G.M., which has a big studio in Britain.

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★ bewitching  
★ eyes...



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## Talking of Films

### ★ The Toy Tiger

**U**NIVERSAL'S naive romantic comedy "The Toy Tiger" should accommodate the women and children nicely.

A joint British-American effort filmed in technicolor, it is thoroughly wholesome, and has all the proper sentiments.

Set mainly in and around a prim and proper school for very young gentlemen somewhere near New York, the story centres on a lonely little boy (Tim Hovey), his mother (Laraine Day), who is a crisp career woman, and Jeff Chandler's commercial artist.

The point of the whole thing is that small boys should never be left alone and forlorn. The theme is given the full hearts-

and-flowers treatment, but it never cloy.

Young Tim, with his old-young face and serious manner, is perhaps a bit too good to be true. But he's a winning child for all that, and a distinct improvement on the spoiled brats of Hollywood.

Veterans Cecil Kellaway and Richard Haydn, very British and correct, strike a rather odd note as a couple of prissy schoolmasters.

### Odongo

**O**NLY the animals, the people of the country, and Juma, the native boy with the piano smile, are bearable in this wild and bumpy adventure of East Africa.

A stampede of wild animals

that have been placed behind stockades, and the usual long shots of jungle creatures feeding, bathing, and on the run, help to pad out a story that is a phony concoction of technicolor tedium.

"Odongo" has to do with a dour white hunter (Macdonald Carey) who lives on the edge of the veldt in Kenya and traps valuable wild life for sale to zoos and circuses.

Juma, the native boy who loves all the animals and hates to see them captured, is bwana Carey's most devoted helper.

Glamorous as ever, Rhonda Fleming simpers her way through the part of a Hollywood-style vet. It is Rhonda, of course, who reverses the order of things and captures the white hunter.

Most of the action stems from the skulduggery of a vengeful native who is fired by Carey for illtreating the animals.



# They're the most

Here are three film stars — William Holden, Yul Brynner, and Rossano Brazzi — who are the "most" in their own special way in the world of movies.

NO less a body than The Theatre Owners of America has named William Holden the outstanding film star of 1956.

They did this because of his services to the motion picture industry, to his immediate community, and to the country at large.

Perhaps more impressive from Holden's personal point of view, at least, is the fact that he was also one of Hollywood's top money-spinners for the year. All this, and more besides, surely makes handsome, hard-working, and most appealing Bill Holden to the tag — the most successful.

The most unusual film actor to step on to the CinemaScope screen in many a long day is newcomer Yul Brynner (of "The King and I"). His appeal may be controversial, but not his talent or his special brand of looks.

It's just a little over a year since the vital, bald-headed Mr. Brynner turned to Hollywood and became all the rage there.

Had he wanted it that way, Hollywood could have been his personal oyster. But, a shrewd businessman as well as a rugged individualist, Brynner was content to cart off some of the plum acting roles about the place and to remain very much his own man.

Romantic Rossano Brazzi, 38-year-old Italian actor, heads the heart-throb department.

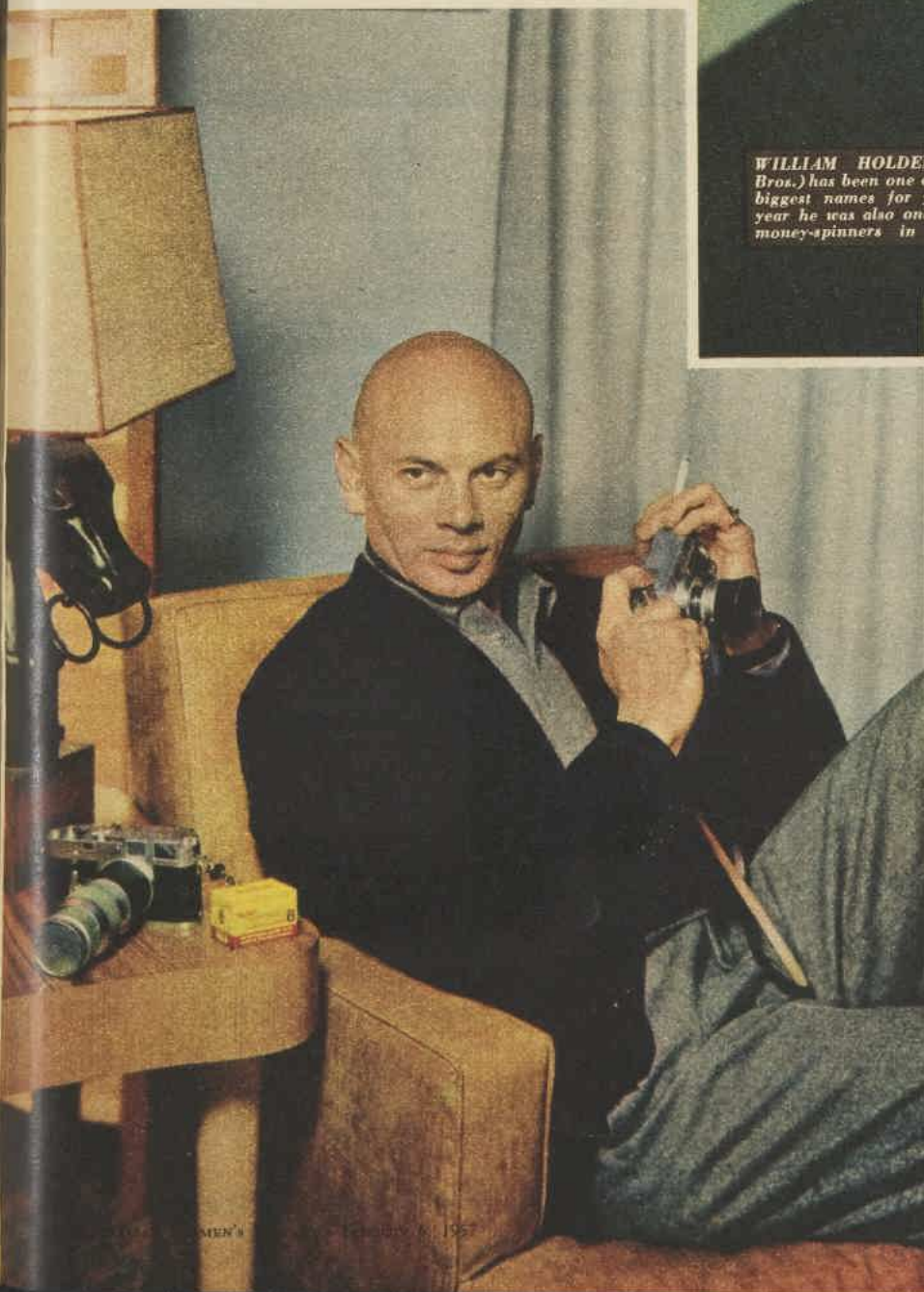
He used to be a lawyer in Rome — grey hair, Continental charm, and all — but quit the law for an acting career in his native country. Hollywood has discovered Brazzi only within the past couple of years.

Can anyone who saw him in "Three Coins in the Fountain" and "Summer Madness" deny him the title "most romantic"?

**Film Fan-Fare**



**WILLIAM HOLDEN** (Warner Bros.) has been one of filmdom's biggest names for years. Last year he was also one of the top money-spinners in Hollywood.



**LEFT:** Yul Brynner, the new-style Hollywood hero. Words are apt to fly when Yul's around, for he's one of the really controversial characters in show business.

**ABOVE:** Rossano Brazzi (pronounce it Brat-see), the Italian actor recently imported to Hollywood. He dislikes the title "great lover," but is now stuck with it.





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# Presley's debut film

★ A widescreen post-Civil-War drama with a good deal of action and a three-way romantic theme is Hollywood's choice as the debut vehicle for Elvis Presley, the controversial young entertainer.

"Love Me Tender," the title of Fox's production, is also the title of the film's theme song. It will be interesting to hear what Presley, who seemed to fame on the beat of rock-'n-roll, can achieve with a sweet ballad.

Altogether there are four songs for Elvis Presley in the score.

Richard Egan and Debra Paget co-star.



**1 LOOT** from a raid made on a Union convoy in the belief that the war is still on is shared by the Renos, Brett (William Campbell), left, Vance (Richard Egan), right, and Ray (James Drury). Vance gets ready to meet his sweetheart.



**2 AT HOME** Vance finds that Cathy (Debra Paget) has long since given him up for dead and married his young brother Clint (Elvis Presley), now grown to manhood. Vance takes the blow well and secretly plans to leave for the West.



**3 TO CELEBRATE**, the family gathers on the farmhouse porch. Clint alone is unaware of the irony of this situation. He picks up his guitar and sings an old spiritual as he used to in their youth. The peace is short-lived.



**4 TRAILING** the brothers for the army robbery, Major Kincaid (Bruce Bennett), right, and Siringe (Ray Middleton), a Pinkerton agent, quiz Cathy and the mother (Mildred Dunnock), right, about the fleeing brothers. They are all apprehended before long.



**5 RESCUE** of his brothers by Clint and Mike, a former army buddy, makes them all fugitives. Sure that restitution is their only chance to avoid lifelong banditry, Vance secretly gets Cathy to return the money.



**6 ABOVE.** Thinking he is being double-crossed by Cathy and Vance, Clint, with Mike, plans to ambush Vance when they find the girl hiding in the hills. When Vance is shot, Clint awakens to reality.

**7 RIGHT.** Belatedly trying to defend his brother, Clint himself is wounded. Vance struggles to his brother's side and so does Cathy. Troops arrive, and they find them with Clint in their arms.



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 for cardigans and jackets.



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# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

- A dark cotton one-piece with a white accent is perfect fashion for pre-autumn buying.

THIS answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please cut me a Dress Sense pattern for a frock suitable for the next few months of hot weather? I want it in a washing material, but am rather tired of pastel cottons, and I think nylon is too hot. I am a mid-blonde, size SSW."

A dress made in dark cotton, accented with white, and worn with all-white accessories would be a perfect end-of-summer dress. Furthermore, minus the white accent, the dress could carry over smartly into autumn. The design I have chosen is illustrated at

right. A paper pattern is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"IS it correct for a bridal gown to have a low neckline and no sleeves? I want to use the frock later for formal wear. My material is white lace."

It is not usual for a bride to wear a sleeveless dress with a decollete neckline. However, you could have a dress with a sleeveless, low-cut bodice, and wear it with a matching "cover up." The latter could be a fitted, bosom-length jacket, back-buttoned, and finished with a high neckline and sleeves.

"MINE is a color problem.

I have a rather sallow skin, and want to know if a sapphire-blue, rather on the dark side, would suit me."

Unless you have really vivid blue eyes the answer is no. Pink would be more flattering, or a soft shade of pinky-red.

"I AM to be a bridesmaid next month, and intend wearing pink taffeta, made with a fichu collar and a wide skirt. My problem is the hat. I am growing my hair, and it has reached the stage that it looks its best only when pinned up."

A chignon cap of pink rosebuds would be a pretty way to control your hair. The roses would be mounted on a little

cap, finished with elastic—like a tiny shower-cap. Pin your hair into a bun on the back of your head, and wear the cap to cover it.

"I HAVE some black crepe and white satin which I want to use for an informal dinner costume. I am in my late thirties, unmarried, and rather fashion-conscious."

These materials, used as "separates," would make a smart and most appropriate outfit for informal dining. Use the black crepe for a slim, peg-shaped skirt with inverted pleats at the waistline. The white satin will make the blouse. Have it tailored and finished with a low-cut decollete and tiny set-in sleeves.

"WOULD it be too drab to wear a black frock to a late-afternoon reception? My coloring is brunette, with black hair and very bright blue eyes."

A black dress with a pretty hat is an excellent late-day fashion. If you feel the dress is drab, choose a lively color for the hat. Sapphire-blue or garnet-red would suit your vivid coloring.

"COULD you help me with a designing problem? I am making a cotton lace sheath. The bodice is sleeveless, and has an oval neckline; the whole bodice effect looks rather severe and incomplete."

A cape collar is a very new way to finish the bodice of a sheath dress. The cape, of course, would be in the same lace as the dress, and its proportions would depend on your figure proportions.

Beauty in brief:

## SHADES OF MAKE-UP

By CAROLYN EARLE

- If you want to find the perfect make-up (and who doesn't), you must be ready to experiment with color, just as an artist does when he blends the colors on his canvas.

MASTER this ticklish task, and you will find yourself able to wear a wider range of color in your clothes.

Foundation and face-powder are the key to it all. Lipstick, by comparison, is merely a finishing touch.

The first two must complement your natural coloring but, at the same time, bring it to life, and the trick is to try one tone lighter or one tone darker than your skin.

Of course, no two people are alike; not only is your coloring—the coloring you were born with—unique to you, but it can change with age, health, and even the weather.

This explains in a brief way why you cannot ever hope to get an infallible once-and-for-all color chart for make-up.

However, by using the above as an outline, your selection may become easier.



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### SO YOU'RE IN CLOVER?

WHEN HAY FEVER OR SUMMER COLDS MAKE YOU MISERABLE, USE DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES FOR SNEEZES AND RUNNY EYES. KLEENEX IS KIND TO SOREST NOSES BECAUSE IT'S EXTRA SOFT AND ABSORBENT.





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On the opposite page you'll find 46 delicious sandwich combinations based on nourishing Kraft Cheddar Cheese, zesty Vegemite and other famous Kraft Foods. These fillings give your family vital midday nutrition, because all Kraft Products are rich in important food elements. So tomorrow, and every time you cut sandwiches for the family, make sure you include nutritious Kraft Foods.





# into sandwiches

## the family's cut lunches."

"Kraft Foods are appetizingly light, easily digestible and blend beautifully with other ingredients" — says Elizabeth Cooke.



"And here are 46 recipes that have been tested for you in the Kraft Kitchen. Clip out these ideas and pin the page to your food cupboard door, or paste it inside your favourite recipe book. Refer to it when you cut your family's lunches and you'll make delicious and more nourishing sandwiches every time."

1. Kraft Cheddar, lettuce leaf, tomato and hard-boiled egg.
2. Minced meat moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise and shredded Kraft Cheddar.
3. Kraft Cheddar, carrot strips and lettuce.
4. Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.
5. Spread peanut butter on one slice of bread, spread marmalade on the other. Sprinkle shredded Kraft Cheddar on top of marmalade before putting two slices together.
6. Kraft Cheddar, tomato sauce and shredded lettuce.
7. Rye bread with shredded Kraft Cheddar, chopped nuts and dates.
8. Kraft Velveeta and sliced prunes.
9. Vegemite, slices of tomato and chopped celery.
10. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and a red berry jam.
11. Scrambled egg, shredded Kraft Cheddar and chopped parsley.
12. Baked beans and shredded Kraft Cheddar.
13. Any variety of Red Feather Fish Pastes, lemon juice and chopped parsley.
14. Kraft Cheddar, chopped raisins and a dash of lemon juice.
15. Cream half a cup of shredded Kraft Cheddar, add 1 teaspoon of Vegemite, and use with shredded lettuce.
16. Sardines mashed with shredded Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.
17. Mashed banana, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.
18. Grated raw apple, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.
19. Kraft Cheddar, sliced Red Feather Wham and chopped gherkin.
20. Vegemite and chopped walnuts.
21. Cooked bacon, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

22. Vegemite and cooked crumbled bacon.
23. Kraft Old English, tomato and cucumber.
24. Sliced dried figs and shredded Kraft Cheddar.
25. Slices of cold meat, Vegemite and tomato.
26. Kraft Cheddar, scrambled egg and grilled bacon.
27. Peanut butter, slices of cucumber and Vegemite.
28. Any variety of Red Feather Meat Pastes, tomato and lettuce.
29. Scrambled egg and Vegemite.
30. Kraft Cheddar Cheese Spread, chopped nuts and lettuce.
31. Slices of cold meat, Kraft Sandwich Relish Spread and slices of tomato.
32. Any of the 12 varieties of Red Feather Meat or Fish Pastes, slices of tomato and shredded lettuce.
33. Slices of tomato, grated carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.
34. Philadelphia Cream Cheese and chopped celery.
35. Sliced cold pork with seasoning and Kraft Cheddar.
36. Kraft Velveeta and raisins.
37. Kraft Danish Blue Spread, chopped dates and walnuts.
38. Combine any variety of Red Feather Meat Pastes with shredded Kraft Cheddar.
39. Kraft Cream Cheese Spread, chopped prunes and nuts.
40. Any variety of Red Feather Fish Pastes with chopped lettuce and celery.
41. Liver sausage, mustard and shredded Kraft Old English.
42. All cold meat sandwiches are improved with a dash of Bonox.
43. Try rye bread spread with Vegemite and sprinkle with nuts and grated carrot.
44. Chopped left-over vegetables and Kraft Mayonnaise.
45. Red Feather Wham, lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.
46. Bonox with grated apple and chopped nuts.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf. Vegemite comes in 2-oz. and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted glasses and the economical family size 8 and 16-oz. jars. Stock up now with these famous Kraft products.

# KRAFT FOODS



Continuing . . .

nothing wrong with me that you can see.

Sure, I've met girls, lots of times. It's fun meeting girls. And I've lost girls, too. That has at times been even more fun, but getting them back? Not this boy. There's lots more.

The price of My Fancy has shortened considerably. A mere four to one. Still, two hundred's not bad.

I watch the horses being saddled and toddle off to the barrier. And here, I have a nasty surprise. I mean, SHE wasn't nasty at all.

SHE was as nice a blonde as ever happened to me in all my years of bachelorhood. But she's standing on the spot I like above all others. The corner where the fence is at an angle, dead across from the photo-finish line.

Well, I'm a reasonable man. I did the only thing I could do. If I was denied my favorite, lucky position, then I had, of course, to stand right next to it, which was also as close to the blonde as I could get without arousing her suspicion.

"Won't be long now," I say, by way of opening the conversation.

She looks at me as though I am a particularly nasty worm, and says nothing.

"Well, one way or another, we'll soon know."

"Know what?"

"The winner."

She smiles pityingly.

"Cherished Love will walk it in."

"Oh, I think My Fancy."

"And what is your fancy?"

"No, lady, it's the name of a horse. The favorite."

"Is that what you backed?"

she asks, as though she can't believe that she's heard right.

I nod.

"Pity."

"We'll see."

We did. Neither of us was right. But we're both broke, which acts as a bond of sorts.

She lets me buy her a cup of coffee and soon I discover how alike our tastes are. She likes racing, so do I. I like blondes and by a wonderful coincidence she is a blonde.

The next race we just watch, and then hand in hand we walk off the course, as they say, into the sunset, except it's raining.

I drive her home, and here I better just quickly sketch in a description. She is tall and slender, and what the heck, I'm no good at describing girls, but she's the goods! So imagine me in a car with such a vision—and then it hits me!

I promised to write a love story, boy-meets-girl, when a thing like that just doesn't happen.

Still, a promise is a promise. Just before she got out of the car we arranged to meet again tomorrow night.

JUNE 30.

All morning I fight the B.M.G. or vice versa and I get nowhere. The boys flatly refuse to meet girls. I suppose it's my attitude that's at fault. Having decided it can't happen, I just refuse to let it take place even on paper.

At seven I call for her. She is wearing something filmy and we go dancing.

The way she fits into my arms when we dance is amazing when you consider that we hadn't met till yesterday and weren't made to each other's measurements.

And every time she speaks she looks straight into my eyes and it does things to me. My stomach fairly turns itself upside down, which it never, to my knowledge, did before. It's not long before we exchange confidences and I tell her about my problem with the love story.

## Boy Meets Girl, Ha!

from page 3

"So you don't believe in boy-meets-girl and love?" she asks. "No, I do not. Do you?"

She blushes and on her a blush looks good. Then she gets up and without saying a word leaves me. Just like that.

I rush out after her.

"What's the matter—did I say something?"

"You stupid out, leave me alone and don't let me ever see you again."

Strong words. I try to reason with her, but just then a taxi comes by and before I know it she's in it and away.

JULY 7.

A terrible week. She hangs up every time I phone. The flowers I send come back regularly. And the worst of it is I can't get her out of my mind.

I try work. No good. Can't concentrate. All I see is that beautiful blond hair, and . . . Oh, what the heck.

Talk about surprises! Go to the races today. And guess who is occupying my favorite spot?

That's right. There she is clutching the old rail and swinging her red umbrella in great excitement.

"What won?"

"It's there, on the board," she says, and each word has all the intimate warmth of ice-cubes dropping into a glass.

"Have much on it?"

"Plenty."

"Oh, well," I say, and begin to walk away.

"Wait!"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing . . ."

Still, I wait. You don't willingly leave blondes. Not blondes like her. Not guys like me.

"The other night . . ." she starts.

"Yes?"

"Did you mean what you said?"

"Certainly I meant it."

"That umbrella has one of the sharpest ferrules my shins have ever encountered."

"But," I say, "Did you have to rush off, just because of me not believing in boy-meets-girl etc.?"

"Oh, what's the use," she shrugged her shoulders. "Ask Cecil, but personally, I don't think it'll do any good."

She's off before I realise that I've never mentioned Cecil's name to her. Only called him my agent. How does she know?

The plot thickens. There he is, I can see, wheels within wheels, cloak and dagger, and, you name it.

When I reach his office, Cecil is ear-deep in another pink manuscript.

"How's Elvira?"

"Haven't you met her at the races?"

Suddenly my knees become weak.

"But, but her name . . .?"

"Elvira M. Boyd is her pen-name, you chump!"

"Then you knew all the time?"

"She kept me posted," Cecil says smugly.

"And you never once let on, a friend you call yourself?"

"With your attitude to boy-meets-girl, view love? Be your age."

"Boy-meets-girl, what the devil has boy-meets . . ." and then it hits me.

I fall into one of Cecil's armchairs and groan.

"Well, you've found out the hard way," Cecil says.

"I met her, and I lost her, and now there's got to be the rest. The boy-meets-girl part."

"That's right," Cecil nods his approval. "You've got it at last. Go home and write it."

I go home, but I don't write it. For me it's got to be real. I've got to have the facts.

I sit here and let the grey cells have a free workout, but the amount of ideas they produce could be put into an olive without removing the stuffing.

Here it is, the greatest scoop on boy-meets-girl and no ending!

JULY 9.

No ideas, no Elvira, no nothing.

My name is Cecil Adams and I'm a literary agent. Some of my clients write sports reviews like Budd Haggert (the above are excerpts of a journal he keeps) and some, like Elvira, write fiction.

You have read the last entry in Budd's journal. Soon after he made it he called in to see me and I've never known him to look worse. That haunted look, bags under his eyes.

Terrible.

And this, you will remember, was the man who did not believe in love and ridiculed the boy-meets-girl idea.

"Cecil, you've got to do something. Can't you tell her how it is?"

"After what you've told her?"

"I was wrong. I'm admitting it."

"You mean you?"

"Yes, I love her. I love Elvira M. Boyd. Spell it in caps if you like."

"That's all I wanted to know," Elvira says, stepping out of the wall cupboard in which she hid when she heard Budd's voice outside.

"That's all; now do you believe in boy-meets-girl?"

"I do."

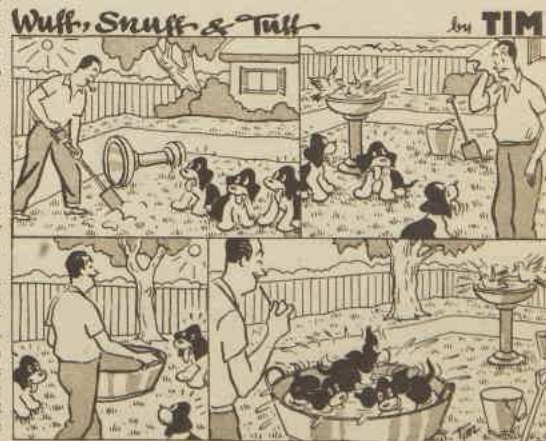
"You believe in love?"

He didn't say anything to that, but the way he proved that he did must have been satisfactory, because this morning I attended a simple ceremony.

Budd swore that this is the last time he'll get married if you have to wear a morning suit, but Elvira looked radiantly beautiful in white.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN











[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning February 4

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 <b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a sporting proposition.</p>	<p>★ It will be easier to fall down on your good resolutions than to face the sacrifices they entail, but be firm with yourself or your real interests may suffer.</p>	<p>★ Partners and friends should favor your plans. Home could be the setting for sociability or neighborhood activities. Originality rules your success.</p>	<p>★ If you have any hidden romantic desires your chances of fulfilling them are most promising at present. Since postponement could deny them, create glamor now.</p>	<p>★ Full speed ahead for fresh activities and old ones revived. Enthusiasm should be at an all-time high with efficiency and make a pleasant accompaniment.</p>
 <b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in increased prestige.</p>	<p>★ Settle old scores or outstanding issues in a creditable manner that is face-saving for you and any other people involved. Friendly contacts are invaluable.</p>	<p>★ Look forward to recognition in your activities as a homemaker. Consult members of the household before making alterations. Changes of residence are not advocated.</p>	<p>★ There is a tendency to go to extremes and cause a showdown, possibly through jealousy, which will certainly arouse resentment. Seek understanding and harmony.</p>	<p>★ One occasion this week may be a trifle stiff. Should you be associated with whom you have disagreed, bridge the gap by outward politeness.</p>
 <b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in a new venture.</p>	<p>★ Financial considerations take on added importance, so leave no stone unturned in trying to establish economic stability. Freedom from worry is essential.</p>	<p>★ Minor alterations may produce better results than revolutionary ideas likely to cost much. Although eager to reduce drudgery, beware of lowering standards.</p>	<p>★ Has the beloved recently become interested in a sport, study, or hobby which leaves you cold? Why not have separate interests? They do not diminish love.</p>	<p>★ You will have to spend time in accomplishing your mission. However, thinking signs may arouse sympathy for their sluggishness, so work on the charm.</p>
 <b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in an agreement.</p>	<p>★ Consider the future as well as the present over money matters. Check spending so as not to go beyond the margin of safety. Seek value in all things.</p>	<p>★ Do some work on your own around the house when you have cleared up unavoidable duties. It is cheaper in the long run to do a neglected task right away.</p>	<p>★ Popular beliefs are often based on common sense. If parents are critical of your boy or girl friend because of unconventional behavior, have a frank talk with your beloved.</p>	<p>★ A fairly friendly but uneventful week. Take your time and prepare your own programme. Follow your own wishes rather than the advice of others.</p>
 <b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic meeting.</p>	<p>★ Business and career matters may present unexpected problems. Use intuition freely, as it may hold most profitable solutions. Partnership finances should flourish.</p>	<p>★ The entire household takes its tone from you. If you are sunny and cheerful, children will be easier to manage, and the marriage partner better-tempered.</p>	<p>★ Depend on your beloved's affection to guide him in saying and doing the right thing in a critical moment. Confidence and loyalty carry you along.</p>	<p>★ If involved in a social situation or a difference of opinion with friends, turn to the marriage partner for practical advice. He or she will help you clarify ideas.</p>
 <b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a business matter.</p>	<p>★ Individual initiative has its place, but not when you need the goodwill of higher-ups. Even if you disapprove of plans, methods, regulations, do not buck them now.</p>	<p>★ Don't regard your home as a necessary affliction or think time and energy spent on it are not worth while. Homemaking is an honorable career.</p>	<p>★ If you place hopes too high there is bound to be a let-down later. Accept the one you love with his or her good points and weaknesses. Reconcile your ideal with humanity.</p>	<p>★ You may be confronted by an awkward situation over a social matter, and dread that bawling could only make it worse. Do your best. Don't delay action.</p>
 <b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a speculation.</p>	<p>★ Ingenuity on your part, helps to get things done, but if you add the ideas of others, you can double the results. This should be a fairly lucky week on the job.</p>	<p>★ Save yourself emotional wear and tear—there is a time to be easygoing and placid. It's hard not to growl when a possession is broken, but accidents do happen.</p>	<p>★ Bring your beloved home to tea in order to meet the family. You may have to stand a bit of teasing, but happy relations between both parties help.</p>	<p>★ There is a rush of invitations. You may have to miss one or two really matters. Try to draw congenial people together. Simplify your own schedule.</p>
 <b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck on a quiet footpath.</p>	<p>★ It would be unwise at present to sever your work ties or friendly relations with influential people, although you may be strongly tempted to make final decisions.</p>	<p>★ Your home is a challenge to your industry. Few can have exactly what we want, but most of us can approach ideals by taking thought. Try shifting the furniture.</p>	<p>★ Don't gamble with love. If you really have met the one and only, do not flirt with others or keep him dangling. You could lose out and regret it all your life.</p>	<p>★ Your own neighborhood may be fertile for social interests. A new contact could be pleasant. If you are prepared to go to a little trouble in making acquaintance.</p>
 <b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in the letter-box.</p>	<p>★ Fulfillment of hopes may come from the intervention of friends, neighbors, relatives, or the marriage partner. Seek advice, expressing clearly your objectives.</p>	<p>★ A person destined to play a considerable part in your life may enter your home. Do not rely too much on first impressions. This relationship will be slow growing.</p>	<p>★ The next time the boy-friend invites you out, have a few suggestions when he asks you where to go or how you wish to spend the evening.</p>	<p>★ A relative may fill the break, enabling you to take time off. You may return a favor and find that by dovetailing arrangements there are mutual advantages ahead.</p>
 <b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a large building.</p>	<p>★ By giving in a little you may gain a little, but if you remain uncompromising you will be up against a stone wall. In any business deal weigh the facts.</p>	<p>★ To accomplish what you set out to do, financial juggling may be necessary. Cut corners where least important. There may be a solution to home for the problem.</p>	<p>★ Happy companionship, shows of affection, and little attentions may please loved ones more than costly items. Try this and see how well it works.</p>	<p>★ If called upon, you may act as a brake upon the too optimistic ideas of friends or fellow members of a group. Insist that finances be handled carefully.</p>
 <b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in your talents.</p>	<p>★ Use your imagination and creative ability on the job. Seek a higher standard of performance, a more attractive approach to your work, or a pleasant atmosphere.</p>	<p>★ Your home is a shelter from the outside world, but it is not a forum from which to hold forth to a long-suffering family audience your own pet likes and dislikes.</p>	<p>★ Reflect deeply before putting your future in the hands of one person, particularly if the friendship has been short. Discover whether interests are shared.</p>	<p>★ Watch details in any undertaking, for when small things go wrong the whole venture can be undermined. If you must delegate authority, say what you want done.</p>
 <b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a secret.</p>	<p>★ Withdraw, but don't give up if you encounter opposition to your projects. You have everything to gain by waiting. Regard the interval as a strengthening time.</p>	<p>★ You limit yourself when you decline to act at critical times and then grizzle at things do not suit you. If you refuse responsibility you cannot expect to lead.</p>	<p>★ Young lovers may find that a secret understanding forms a happy prelude to an official engagement. Career matters and finances may require consolidating.</p>	<p>★ If you have outgrown as activity and you are now pursuing it merely from force of habit, face the fact and look around for a new pastime. A change is due.</p>

## Honeymoon by car

● Here are sketches and details of the clothes shown on pages 12, 13, and 15. A paper pattern is available for each design. Patterns may be obtained by mail only. The panel, below right, tells how to order.



**4435**

4435.—Daytime separates—pleated skirt and matching sleeveless blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, or one permanently pleated skirt-length plus 1½ yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 4/-.



**4446**

4446.—Matching three-piece beach suit consisting of shirt (left), bra, and pants. The pants and bra are lined. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. material for lining. Price 4/11.



**4440**

4440.—Princess-line slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. nylon net for bands. 2yds. 4in. lace. Price 3/6.



**4444**

4444.—Glamorous lace-trimmed breakfast-coat (left). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. 1in. lace. Price 4/11.



**4445**

4445.—Shortie pyjamas (right), the yoke and puff sleeves are sheer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. material for yoke and sleeves. Price 4/-.



**4438**

4438.—Blouse with sweetheart neckline and above-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



**4439**

4439.—Blouse with cowl-off-shoulder neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



**4441**

4441.—Half-petticoat. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. pleated taffeta, 1½yds. 36in. nylon sheer, 1yd. 2in. ribbon, 15yds. ½in. ribbon. Price 3/-.



**4436**

4436.—Party dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. lace, 5yds. 36in. net for lining, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.



**4442**

4442.—Short-skirted peignoir. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 17yds. ½in. lace, 2yds. 2½in. ribbon. Price 4/6.



**4443**

4443.—Short-skirted nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 6yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/-.



**4437**

4437.—Evening skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½ to 1yd. 2in. velvet ribbon for waistband. Price 3/-.

**HOW TO ORDER**

● Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please state clearly pattern number and size.



Now... **ONE** magical cooking appliance  
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... every day  
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**FRY** on  
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# NOW...ENJOY ALL THE MILK YOU WANT!



## Valuable Milk Nourishment for about 4d. a pint!

For years you may have thought "the richer the milk, the better". Nothing could be further from the truth. The nourishment—the proteins, minerals and B Vitamins—that makes milk our most nearly perfect food is in the milk itself, not the cream. Bonlac is powdered milk with only the water and fat removed. One tin gives you seven pints of delicious, fresh-flavoured non-fat milk with all the priceless nutriment to build bone, muscle and teeth—without adding an ounce of superfluous fat! Yet milk like this costs only 4d. a pint! No skimping on precious health-giving milk now—start enjoying Bonlac today!

## Bonlac TASTES SO GOOD . . .

Alone, in junkets, ice cream, milk coffee, *even in tea*, you can't tell the difference from the finest dairy milk. "Not a hint of powdery taste", say housewives by the score.

Everyone enjoys the milk-fresh flavour of Bonlac. Children who often balk at whole milk can drink so much more Bonlac. You'll get plenty of takers for light, fluffy milk shakes made with Bonlac. And remember, you save enough on one tin of Bonlac to buy those extra pieces of fruit, or at least half a dozen more eggs.



### Keep Slim & Healthy with Bonlac

To keep energy up and weight down, enjoy more drinks made with Bonlac. Two-thirds of a cup of powdered Bonlac contains all the nutriment found in a QUART of fresh skim milk.



### Doctors recommend Bonlac

for patients with hepatitis, certain internal ulcerous conditions and other illnesses which require a non-fat diet. Bonlac is best for these health facts:

1. Bonlac contains 11 times more high-grade proteins, minerals, B Vitamins and lactose than the same weight of fresh whole milk.
2. Compare the proteins in Bonlac with other foods:  

2 1/2 oz.	of Protein in	1 lb. of steak
2 oz.	"	" " " 1 lb. of eggs (approx. 8.)
4 oz.	"	" " " 1 lb. of cheese
5 1/2 oz.	"	" " " 1 lb. of BONLAC
3. Because of the absence of butterfat, Bonlac can be easily digested, even by people who usually have difficulty in taking fresh whole milk.
4. All the important milk minerals, as well as the high-grade proteins, are in Bonlac. Calcium and phosphorus make it a wonderful nerve and brain food. Vital B Vitamins help you to keep the feeling of youth.



## MAKE THESE DELICIOUS DISHES WITH Bonlac and Save Money!



### Bonlac TWO WAY PUDDING

1. 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 2 eggs (yolks only), 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups of mixed Bonlac skim milk powder, vanilla essence, egg whites (lightly beaten).
2. Mix sugar, flour and beaten egg yolks.
3. Add milk and mix well.
4. Place in low heat and stir until mixture boils.
5. Cook for two minutes.
6. Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla essence.

If you wish to serve the sweet cold, add the beaten egg whites and chill. If the pudding is to be served hot, place mixture in a pie dish. Add sugar to egg whites and pile meringue on top. Bake in the oven until meringue is a pale brown.

When the recipe says "milk", use Bonlac. Make all your favourite cakes, scones, and milk desserts with Bonlac. The family will ask for more—and you can forget about high milk prices and shortages forever.

### Bonlac JUNKET

1. 2 1/2 large tablespoons Bonlac, 2 junket tablets, 1 pint water, sugar and flavouring to taste, pinch of salt, nutmeg.
2. Add Bonlac to water and whisk well together.
3. Sweeten and flavour to taste.
4. Put in saucepan and heat till lukewarm (about 80 degrees).
5. Dissolve junket tablets in a dessertspoon of cold water.
6. Stir into warm milk quickly, then let in a warm place till firm.
7. Allow to cool, grate nutmeg on top and serve.

### Bonlac BATTER FOR PANCAKES

1. 4 oz. flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon Bonlac, 1/2 pint water, pinch salt.
2. Mix flour, Bonlac and salt together.
3. Mix egg with water and add to dry ingredients, stirring all the time. (See that the batter is smooth by the time half the liquid has been added.)
4. Stand batter aside for 1 hour before using.
5. Fry in butter, using 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls for each pancake.

# Bonlac

## NON-FAT POWDERED MILK







The "John Singer Sargent" Gown

Cecil Beaton catches the  
spare loveliness of Dorian Leigh  
in this striking blue taffeta  
evening gown.



Modess.... *because*

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luxurious softness... or gauze cover  
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## Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 51

thicket, with her hair cropped straight and mannishly, and the climber's uniform of slacks, boots, and heavy jersey exaggerated her masculine appearance. The other was a girl of about twenty, very young-looking, with bright red cheeks and straight black hair.

She did not, I thought, look particularly happy, and her shoulders strained forward under her rucksack as if she were tired. The pair of them stumped up the first flight of the stairs and round the corner.

In a minute or so they were followed by an elderly couple, both tall, thin, and a little stooping, with gentle well-bred faces and deplorable hats.

They solemnly carried an empty fishing-creel between them up the stairs, and on their heels another woman trudged, hands thrust deep into the pockets of an ulster. I couldn't see her face, but her hunched shoulders and lifeless step told their own story of depression or weariness.

I yawned and stretched a toe to the blaze, and drank some more sherry. Idly I turned the pages of an old society weekly which lay at my elbow. The usual flash-lighted faces, cruelly caught at hunt suppers and charity balls, gaped from the glossy pages . . . beautiful horses, plain women, well-dressed men . . . the London Telephone Directory, I thought, would be far more interesting.

I flicked the pages. There was the usual photograph of me, this time poised against an Adam mantelpiece, in one of Hugo Montefior's most inspired evening gowns . . . I remembered it well, a lovely frock.

Here was the theatre page—Alec Guinness in an improbable beard, Vivien Leigh making every woman within reach look plain, Marcia Maling giving the camera the famous three-cornered smile, staring at vacancy with those amazing eyes . . .

The lounge door swung open and whooshed shut with a breathless little noise. Marcia Maling came in, sat down opposite me, and rang for a drink.

I blinked at her. There was no mistake. That smooth, honey-gold hair, the wide, lovely eyes, the patrician little nose, and the by-no-means patrician mouth—this was certainly the star of that string of romantic successes that had filled one of London's biggest theatres from the first years of the war, and was still packing it today.

The drink came. Marcia Maling took it, tasted it, met my eyes across it, and smiled,

perfunctorily. Then the smile slid into a stare.

"Forgive me"—it was the familiar husky voice—"but haven't we met? I know you, surely?"

I smiled. "It's very brave of you to say so, Miss Maling. I imagine you usually have to dodge people who claim they've met you. But no, we've never met."

"I've seen you before, I'm sure."

I flicked the pages of the magazine with a finger-nail.

"Probably, I model clothes."

Recognition dawned. "So you do! Then that's where! You model for Montefior, don't you?"

"More often than not—though I do a bit of free-lancing, too. My name's Drury, Gianetta Drury. I know yours, of course. And, of course, I saw your show, and the one before, and the one before that."

"Back to the dawn of time, my dear. I know. But how nice of you. You must have been in pig-tails when we did 'Wild Belles'."

I laughed. "I cut them off early. I had a living to earn."

"And how!" Marcia drank gin, considering me. "But I remember where I saw you now. It wasn't in a photograph; it was at Leducq's winter show last year. I bought that divine cocktail frock—"

"The topaz velvet. I remember it. It was a heavenly dress."

She made a face over her glass. "I suppose so. But a mistake for all that. You know as well as I do that it wasn't built for a blonde."

"You weren't a blonde when you bought it," I said, fairly, before I thought. "Sorry," I added hastily, "I—"

But she laughed, a lovely, joyous gurgle of sound. "Neither I was. I'd forgotten. I'd gone auburn for 'Mitzi'. It didn't suit me, and 'Mitzi' was a flop, anyway." She stretched her exquisite legs in front of her and gave me the famous three-cornered smile.

"I'm so glad you've come. I've only been here three days and I'm homesick already for town. This is the first time since I left that I've even been able to think about civilised things like clothes, and I do so adore them, don't you?"

"Of course. But, as they're my job—"

"I know," she said. "But nobody here talks about anything but fishing or climbing, and I think they're too utterly dreary."

"Then what on earth are you doing here?" The question was involuntary, and too

abrupt for politeness, but answered without resentment.

"My dear. Resting."

"Oh, I see!" I tried to sound non-committal, but Marcia Maling lifted an eyebrow at me and laughed again.

"No," she said, "I mean really resting—not just out of a job. The show came off week ago. Adrian said I positively must vegetate, and I just read a divine book by Skye, so here I am."

"And doesn't Skye come to the book?"

"In a way. The hills are quite terribly pretty and that, and I saw some deer yesterday with the cutest but the trouble is you can really get around. Do you walking—rough walking?"

"I do, rather."

"Well, I don't. And Fergus just simply refuses to take a car over some of these roads."

"Fergus? You're here with your husband, then?" I vainly tried to remember who Marcia Maling's current was. "My dear! I'm not married at all, just now. Isn't it heavenly for a change?" She gave a delicious little chuckle over a pink gin, and I found myself smiling back. Her charm was a tangible thing, something radiant and richly alive, invading her silliest clichés and out-dated extravagances.

Speech with a heart-warming quality that was as real as the blazing fire between us. "Fergus is my chauffeur."

"Marcia!" The name went out before I realised it, a fact that I used it was, in way, a tribute to that charm. "You haven't brought a car and chauffeur here? Is that what you call vegetating?"

"Well, I hate walking," I said reasonably, "and, anyway, we're not staying here all the time. I'm on a sort of tour of the Highlands and Islands. Let's have another drink. No really, it's on me." She reached out and pressed my bell.

"In a way, we came here because of Fergus. He was born here. Not that he can much for auld lang syne and that, but it seemed as good a place as any to come to."

I stared at her. I couldn't help it. "You're very—constituted," I said. "Your employees—"

She looked at me. This time the famous smile was definitely the one from that very naughty show. "Yes, My Darling."

"Aren't I just? But Fergus—oh, a dry sherry, isn't it? And another pink gin." She gave the order and turned to me. "Do you know, I talked like this to anyone else."

To page 53

## Embroidery Transfer



A LOVELY PEACOCK TAIL and edging are featured in our embroidery transfer No. 193. This design is suitable for embroidering on pillow-cases, vanity sets, or scarves. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.



# Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 52

for children. Sorbo Bouncers, they were called.

"And you used to play with them?"

"Darling," said Marcia again, "but how sweet of you."

Anyway, the little man's definitely sorbo in nature and appearance, and wears fancy waistcoats. There's another man whose name I don't know, who got here last night. I've a feeling he writes, too."

"Good heavens!"

"I know. Just a galaxy of talent, haven't we? Though probably none of them are any good: Sorbo is definitely not. But this chap looks as though he might be — all dark and devil-may-care," said Marcia, then glomed at her gin. "Only — he fishes, too."

"It sounds a very intriguing collection of people," I said.

"Doesn't it?" she said without an conviction. "Oh, and there's an aged, aged lady who I think is Cowdray-Simpson's

The sum which two married people owe to one another defies calculation. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged through all eternity.

—Goethe

mother and who knits all the time, my dear, in the most ghastly colors. And three youths with bare knees who camp near the river and come in for meals and go about with hammers and sickles and things —

"Geology students, I'll bet," I said. "And I rather doubt the sickles. There's only one thing for it, you know; you'll have to take up fishing yourself. I'm going to. I'm told it's soothing to the nerves."

She shot me a look of horror mingled with respect. "How marvellous of you! But" — then her gaze fell on my left hand, and she nodded. "I might have known. You're married. I suppose he makes you. Now, if that wretched Mrs. Corrigan —"

"I'm not married," I said. She caught herself. "Oh, sorry, I —"

"Divorced?"

"O-h-h!" She relaxed and sent me a vivid smile. "You, too? My dear, so'm I!"

"I know."

"Three times, honey. Too utterly exhausting. I may tell you. Aren't they stinkers?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Men, darling. Stinkers."

"Oh, I see."

"Don't tell me yours wasn't a stinker, too?"

"He was," I said. "Definitely."

"I knew it," said Marcia happily. I thought I had never seen two pink gins go farther. "What was his name?"

"Nicholas."

"The beast!" she said generously. "Have another drink, Jeanette darling, and tell me all about it."

"This one's on me," I said firmly, and pressed the bell.

"And my name's Gianetta. Gee-ann-etta. Of Italian origin, like sorbo."

"It's pretty," said she, diverted. "How come you've an Italian name?"

"Oh, it's old history . . ."

I ordered the drinks, glad to steer the conversation in a new direction. "My great-grandmother was called Gianetta. She's the kind of ancestor one wants to keep in the family cupboard, tightly locked

away, only my great-grand-mamma never let herself be locked away anywhere for a moment."

"What did she do?" asked Marcia, intrigued.

"Oh, she took the usual road to ruin. Artists' model, artists' mistress, then married a baronet, and —"

"So did I once," said Marcia cheerfully. "I left him, though. Did she?"

"Of course. She bolted with a very advanced young artist to Paris, where she made a handsome fortune — don't ask me how — then died in a nunnery at the happy old age of eighty-seven."

"Those were the days!" Marcia's voice was more than a little wistful. "Not the numerous bit, but the rest . . ."

What a thoroughly worthy great-grandmother to have — especially the bit about the fortune and the title."

I laughed. "They didn't survive. Mother was the only grandchild, and Gianetta left all her money to the convent — as fire insurance, I suppose."

I put down my empty glass. "So — unlike my great-grand-mamma — I wear clothes for a living."

Through the glass door I could see the Cowdray-Simpsons coming down the stairs. A maid bustled across the hall towards the dining-room. Outside, behind the steep crest of Scurr na Stri, the red of the sky was deepening to copper, its brightness throwing the jagged rock into towering relief.

# Wildfire at Midnight

from page 52

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from page 52

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# Wildfire at Midnight

from page 52

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the hotel they'd freeze like — like stuffed trout."

"Who else is in the hotel?"

"Well, let's see . . . There's Colonel and Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson. They're dim, but rather sweet. They fish all the time, day and night, and have never, to my certain knowledge, caught anything at all."

"I think I saw them come in. Elderly, with an empty

"That's them, all right. Then, talking of fish, there's Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan and Mr. Braine."

"Not Alastair Braine, by any chance?"

"I believe that is his name." Her glance was speculative. "A friend of yours?"

"I've met him. He's in advertising."

"Well, he's with this Corrigan couple. And," added Marcia meditatively, "if ever I could find it in me to pity a woman who's married to a man as good-looking as Hartley Corrigan, I'd pity that one."

"Why?" I asked, amused.

Marcia Maling's views on marriage, delivered personally, ought to be worth listening to."

"Fish," she said simply.

"Fish? Oh, I get it. You mean fish?"

"Exactly. He and Alastair Braine, they're just like the Cowdray-Simpsons. Morning,

noon, and night. Fish! And she does nothing—nothing—to fight it, though she's obviously having an utterly foul time, and has been for weeks. She moans miserably about alone with her hands in her pockets."



the divorcees of his London circle.

I dipped the pen in the inkstand, hesitated, and finally wrote: Gianetta Brooke, Tench Abbas Rectory, Warwickshire. Then I tugged my wedding-ring rather painfully off my finger and dropped it into my bag. I would have to tell Major Persimmon, the hotel proprietor, why Mrs. Drury had suddenly become Miss Brooke; there were, it seemed to me, altogether too many embarrassments contingent on there being a Mr. and Mrs. Drury in the same hotel.

Marcia Maling had already promised to say nothing. And Nicholas was not to know that I had become Miss Brooke again four years ago. He would probably be as annoyed and uncomfortable as I, when we met, and would surely try to pass off the awkward encounter as easily as possible.

So, at any rate, I assured myself, as I blotted and shut the book, though, remembering my handsome and incalculable husband as I did, I felt that there was very little dependence to be placed on the good behaviour of Nicholas Drury.

Then I jumped like a nervous cat as a man's voice said behind me: "Janet Drury, as I live!"

I turned quickly, to see a man coming down the stairs towards me.

"Alastair! How nice to see you again! Where've you been all these years?"

Alastair Braine took both my hands and beamed down at me. He was a big, rugged-looking man, with powerful shoulders, perpetually untidy brown hair, and a disarming grin that hid an exceptionally shrewd mind. He looked anything but what he was—one of the coming men in the ruthless world of advertising.

"America mostly, with a dash of Brazil and Pakistan. You knew I was working for the Pergamon people?"

"Yes, I remember. Have you been back long?"

"About six weeks. They gave me a couple of months' leave, so I've come up here with some friends for a spot of fishing."

"It's lovely seeing you again," I said, "and I must say your tan does you credit, Alastair!"

He grinned down at me.

"It's a pity I can't return the compliment, Janet, my pet. Not—he caught himself up hastily—"that it's not lovely to see you, too, but you look a bit Londonish, if I may say so. What's happened to the schoolgirl complexion? Nick been beating you?"

I stared at him, but he appeared to notice nothing odd in my expression. He said cheerfully: "He never told me you were joining him here, the scurvy devil!"

I said, "Alastair, don't tell me you didn't know. We got a divorce."

He looked startled, even shocked. "Divorce? When?"

"Over four years ago now. D'you mean to tell me you hadn't heard?"

He shook his head. "Not a word. Of course, I've been abroad all the time, and I'm the world's worst letter-writer, and Nick's the next worst, so you can see—"

He broke off and whistled a little phrase between his teeth. "Ah, well. Sorry, Janet. I—well, perhaps I'm not so very surprised, after all . . . you don't mind my saying that?"

"Don't give it a thought."

My voice was light and brittle, and would do credit, I thought, to any of Nicholas' casual London lovelies. "It was just one of those things that couldn't ever have worked. It was nobody's fault; he just thought I was another kind of person altogether. You see, in my job you tend to look—well, tough and sort of well varnished, even when you're not."

"And you're not,"

"Well, I wasn't then," I said.

## Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

[from page 51]

"I've a better veneer now."

"Three years of my great friend Nicholas," said Alastair, "would sophisticate a Vestal Virgin. Bad luck, Janet. But, if I may ask, what are you doing here?"

"Having a holiday like you, and dodging the Coronation crowds. I need hardly say I had no idea Nicholas was going to be here. I was a bit run down and wanted somewhere restful, and I heard of the hotel through some friends of the family."

"Somewhere restful." He gave a little bark of laughter. "Oh, my ears and whiskers! And you have to run slap into Nick!"

"Not yet," I told him grimly. "That's a pleasure in store for us both."

"Well!" Alastair shook his head ruefully, then began to grin again. "Don't look so scared, my child. Nick won't eat you. It's he should be nervous, not you. Look, Janet, will you let me dine at your table tonight? I'm with a couple who could probably do with having a little of one another's society."

"I'd love you to," I said gratefully. "But how on earth is it that Nicholas didn't tell you about us?"

"I've really seen very little of him. He's apparently in Skye collecting stuff on folklore and such-like for a book, and he's been moving from one place to another, with this as a base. He's out most of the time. I did ask after you, of course, and he just said: 'She's fine. She's still with Hugo, you know. They've a show due soon.' I thought nothing of it."

"When was this?"

"Oh, when I first got here and found he was staying. May be the tenth or thereabouts."

"We were getting a show ready then, as it happens. But how on earth did he know?"

"Search me," said Alastair cheerily, and then turned to greet the couple who were crossing the hall towards us.

The woman was slight, dark, and almost nondescript save for a pair of really beautiful brown eyes, long-lidded and flecked with gold. Her dress was indifferently cut, and was a depressing shade of green. Her hair had no lustre, and her mouth drooped petulantly. The man with her was a startling contrast. He, too, was dark, but his thinness gave the impression of a great wiry strength and vitality. His eyes were blue, dark Irish blue, and he was extraordinarily handsome, though there were lines round the sensitive mouth that spoke of a temper too often given rein.

I said quickly: "The name's Brooke, Alastair, not Drury. Do remember. I thought it might be awkward—"

"I couldn't agree more. Ah!"—as they came up—"Hart, Alma, this is Gianetta Brooke. Janet, Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan."

We murmured politely. I saw Mrs. Corrigan eyeing my frock; her husband's blue eyes flicked over me once, with a kind of casual interest, then they sought the lounge door, as if he were waiting for someone else.

"I'm going to desert you at dinner, Alma, if you'll excuse me," Alastair made his excuses. "Miss Brooke and I are old friends, and we've a lot to talk about."

Mrs. Corrigan looked vaguely resentful, and I wondered for a moment if she were going to invite me to join their table, until I realised that she was hesitating between two evils, the hazard of having another woman near her husband, and the loss of the society of her husband's friend. She had, in fact, the air of one for whom life has for a long time been an affair of perpetual small

calculations such as this. I felt sorry for her.

Through Alastair's pleasant flow of conversational nothingness, I shot a glance at Hartley Corrigan, just in time to see the look on his face as the lounge door opened behind me and Marcia Maling drifted towards us on a cloud of delicate perfume. My pity for Alma Corrigan became, suddenly, acute. She seemed to have no defences. She simply stood there, dowdy, dumb, and patiently resentful, while Marcia, including us all in her gay, "How were the fish, my dears?" enveloped the whole group in the warm exuberance of her personality.

The whole group, yes—but somehow, I thought, as I watched her, and listened to some absurd fish-story she was parodying—somehow she had cut out Hartley Corrigan from the herd and penned him as neatly as if she was champion bitch at the sheep-trials, and he was a marked wether. And as for the tall Irishman, it was plain that, for all he was conscious of the rest of us, the two of them might as well have been alone.

I found I did not want to meet Alma Corrigan's eyes and

eyes with an effort, and said, calmly enough: "I'm fine, thank you. And you?"

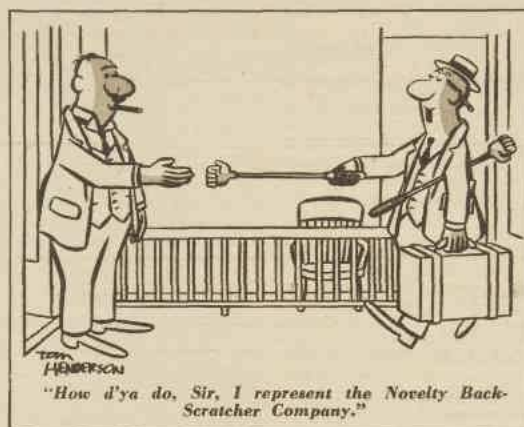
"Oh, very fit. You're here on holiday, I take it?"

"Just a short break. Hugo sent me away . . ."

It was over, the awkward moment, the dreaded moment, sliding past in a ripple of commonplace, the easy, mechanical politenesses that are so much more than empty convention; they are the greaves and cuirasses that arm the naked nerve. And now we could turn from one another in relief, as we were gathered into the group of which Marcia Maling was still the radiant point.

She had been talking to Hartley Corrigan, but I could see her watching Nicholas from under her lashes, and now she said, turning to me: "Another old friend, darling?"

I had forgotten for the moment that she was an actress, and stared at her in surprise, so beautifully artless had the question been. Then I saw the amusement at the back of her eyes, and said coolly: "Yes, another old friend. My London life is catching me up even here, it seems. Nicholas, let me introduce you to Miss Marcia Maling—THE Marcia Maling, of course. Marcia, this is Nicholas Drury."



looked away. I was wishing the going would go. The hall was full of people now; all the members of Marcia's list seemed to be assembled.

There were the Cowdray-Simpsons, being attentive to an ancient white-haired lady with a hearing-aid; there, in a corner, were the two oddly assorted teachers, silent and a little glum; my friend of the boat, Roderick Grant, was consulting a barometer in earnest confabulation with a stocky individual who must be Ronald Beagle; and, deep in a newspaper, sat the unmistakable Hubert Hay, dapper and rotund in the yellowest of Regency waistcoats.

Then Nicholas came quickly round the corner of the stairs, and started down the last flight into the hall.

He saw me straight away. He paused almost imperceptibly, then descended the last few stairs and came straight across the hall.

"Alastair," I said, under my breath, furious to find that my throat felt tight and dry.

Alastair turned, saw Nicholas, and took the plunge as smoothly as an Olympic swimmer.

"Hi, Nick!" he said. "Look who's here . . . Do you remember Janet Brooke?"

He stressed the surname ever so slightly. Nicholas' black brows lifted the fraction of an inch, and something flickered behind his eyes. Then he said: "Of course. Hello, Gianetta. How are you?"

It came back to me sharply, irrelevantly, that Nicholas was the only person who never shortened my name. I met his

"THE Nicholas Drury?" Marcia cooed it in her deepest, furriest voice, as she turned the charm full on to him with something to the effect that, we are told, a cosmic ray-gun has when turned on to an earthly body. But Nicholas showed no sign of immediate disintegration. He merely looked ever so slightly wary as he murmured something conventional. He had seen that amused look of Marcia's, too, I knew. He had always been as quick as a cat.

Then Hartley Corrigan came in with some remark to Marcia, and at once the whole party was talking about fish. The men were, at any rate; Marcia was watching Hartley Corrigan, Alma Corrigan watched Marcia, and I found myself studying Nicholas.

He had changed in four years. He would be thirty-six now, I thought, and he looked older. His kind of dark, saturnine good looks did not alter much, but he was thinner, and, though he seemed fit enough, there was tension in the way he held his shoulders, and some sort of strain about his eyes, as if the skin over his cheek-bones was drawn too tightly back into the scalp.

I found myself wondering what was on his mind. It couldn't just be the strain of starting a new book. No, knowing him as I did, I knew that it must be something else, some other obscure stress that I couldn't guess at, but which was unmistakably there. Well, at any rate, I thought, this time I couldn't possibly be the cause of his mood, and neither, this time, did I have to worry about it.

I was just busily congratulating myself that I didn't have to care any more when the gong sounded, and we all went in to dinner.

It became more than ever obvious, after dinner, that the awkwardness of my own situation was by no means the only tension in the oddly assorted gathering at the Camasunary Hotel. I had not been over-imaginative. That there were emotional currents here seemed more than ever apparent, but I don't think I realised, at first, quite how strong they were. I certainly never imagined they might be dangerous.

By the time I got back into the lounge after dinner the groups of people had broken and re-formed, and, as in the way in small country hotels, conversation had become general.

I saw with a little twinge of wry amusement that Marcia Maling had deserted the Corrigan and was sitting beside Nicholas. It was, I supposed, a change for the better. She could no more help being pulled into the orbit of the nearest interesting man than she could help breathing, but I wished she would leave Hartley Corrigan alone. She had much better spend her time on Nicholas; he could look after himself.

Alastair found a chair for me in a corner, then excused himself and went off to see about weighing and despatching the salmon he had caught that day. I saw Corrigan get up, without a word to his wife, and follow him from the room. Alma Corrigan sat without looking up, stirring and stirring at her coffee.

"Will you have coffee? Black or white?"

I looked up to meet the bright gaze of the younger of the two teachers, who was standing in front of me with a cup in either hand. She had changed into a frock the color of dry sherry, with a cairngorm brooch in the lapel. It was a sophisticated color and should not have suited her, but somehow it did; it was as if a charming child had dressed up in her elder sister's clothes. She looked younger than ever, and touchingly vulnerable.

I said: "Black, please. Thank you very much. But why should you wait on me?"

She handed me a cup. "Oh, nobody serves the coffee. They bring it all in on a huge tray, and we each get our own. You've just come, haven't you?"

"Just before dinner." I indicated the chair at my elbow. "Won't you sit down? I've been deserted for a fish."

She hesitated, and I saw her shoot a glance across the room to where her companion was apparently deep in a glossy magazine. Then she sat down, but only on the edge of the chair, remaining poised, as it were, for instant flight.

"The fish certainly have it all their own way," she admitted. "I'm Roberta Symes, by the way."

"And I'm Gianetta Brooke."

I take it you don't fish?"

"No. We're walking. Marion and I—that's Marion Bradford, over there; we're together. At least, we're climbing, sort of."

"What do you mean by sort of?" I asked, amused. The Skye hills had not struck me as being the kind you could sort of climb.

"Well, Marion's a climber, and I'm not. That's really what I mean. So we go scrambling, which is a kind of half-way solution." She looked at me ingenuously. "But I'm dying to learn. I'd like to be as good as Mr. Beagle and climb in every single Cuillin in turn, including the Inaccessible Pinnacle!"

"A thoroughly unworthy ambition," said a voice above us. Roderick Grant had come across and was standing over us, coffee-cup in hand.

Roberta's eyes widened. "Unworthy? That from you! Why, Mr. Grant?"

He turned and, with a sweep of one arm, indicated the prospect from the lounge windows. "Look at them," he said. "Look at them. Thirty million years ago they thrust their way up from God knows where, to be blasted by wind and ice and storm, and chiselled into the mountain-shapes you walk over today. They've been there countless ages, the same rocks, standing over the same ocean, worn by the same winds. And you, who've lived out a puny little twenty or thereabouts, talk of scaling them as if they were—"

"Teeth?" said Roberta, and giggled. "I know what you mean, though. They do make one feel a bit impermanent, don't they? But then it's all the more of a challenge, don't you feel? Mere man, or, worse still, mere woman, conquering the giants of time, climbing up—"

"Everest!" Colonel Cowdray-Simpson's exclamation came so pat that I jumped, and Roberta giggled again. "The Times" rustled down an inch or two, and the Colonel peered over it at Nicholas, who was nearest the radio. "Turn on the wireless, will you, Drury? Let's hear how they're getting on."

Nicholas obeyed. The news was nearly over: we had, luckily, missed the conferences, the strikes, the newest atomic developments, the latest rumour from the U.S.S.R., and had come in just in time for a fuss about the seating in Westminster Abbey, a description of the arches in the Mall, and a hint of the general excitement in a London seething already towards its Coronation boiling-point three days hence. And nothing yet, apparently, about Everest.

Nicholas switched off.

"But I think they're going to make it," he said.

"It's too thrilling, isn't it?" said Marcia comfortably.

"It's certainly a magnificent effort," said Colonel Cowdray-Simpson. "They deserve their luck. What d'ye say, Beagle? What are the chances with the weather?"

"Fair enough." Beagle looked faintly uncomfortable at being thus appealed to in public. I remembered, with a quickening of interest, that this unassuming little man had been involved in an earlier attempt on Everest. But he seemed unwilling to pursue the subject. He groped in his jacket pocket and produced his pipe, turning the conversation abruptly.

"I'd say they had a chance of better weather there than we have here, at any rate. I don't like the look of the sky. There's rain there."

"All the better for the fishing," said Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson placidly, but Roberta moaned.

"Oh, no! And I wanted to start really climbing tomorrow."

"Quite determined to conquer the Cuillin, then?" said Roderick Grant.

"Quite!"

"Where d'you intend to start?"

"I don't know. I'm leaving that to Marion."

"Garsven's not hard," said someone—I think it was Alma Corrigan. "There's a way up from the Coruisk end—"

Marion Bradford interrupted: "The best first climb are Bruach na Frithe and Sgurr na Banachdich, but they're too far away. Garsven is within reach, but, of course, it's just plain dull."

Her flat voice and uncompromising manner fell hardly short. I considered, of being just plain rude. Alma Corrigan sat back in her chair with a little tightening of the lips. Roberta flushed slightly and leaned forward.

"Oh, but Marion, I'm sure

To page 62



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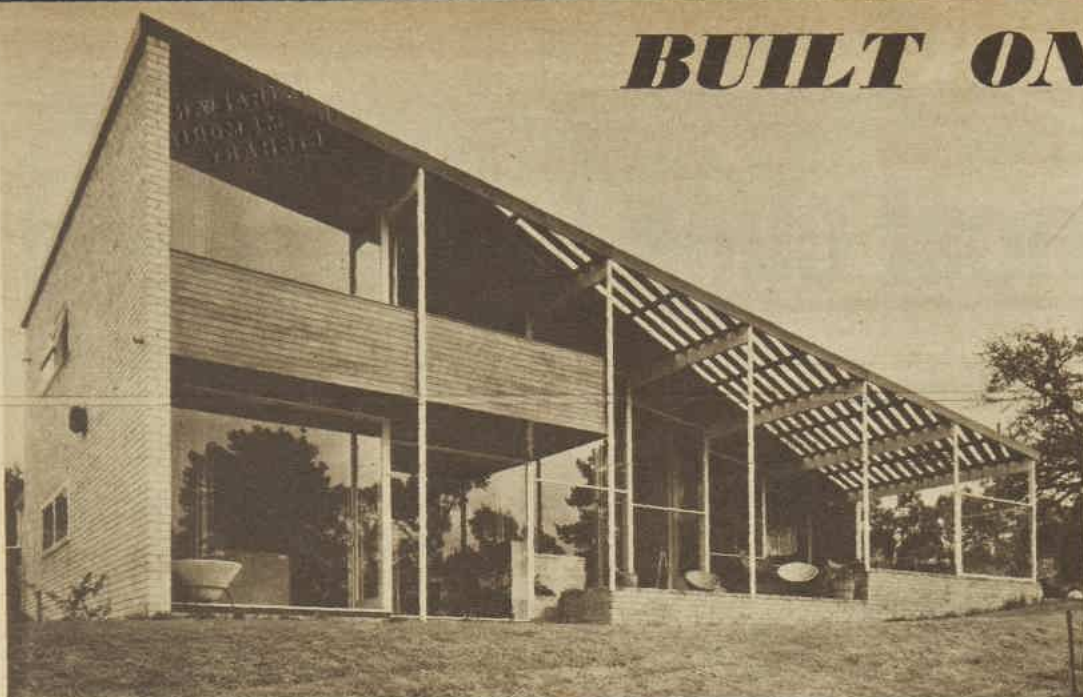


**FOR  
MOST FLAVOUR  
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# BUILT ON HILLSIDE

• A home that combines contemporary building ideas with the maximum of comfort is "The Oaks," situated on a hillside at Wheeler's Hill, Victoria. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Troedel and their family of four sons, whose ages range from 10 years to 19 years.



SKETCH OF PERGOLA ROOF shows how the beams are arranged to admit the sun in winter and block it in summer. The pergola is painted a dark blue-green.

"THE OAKS" (above), a modern house built on a hillside in lovely country at Wheeler's Hill, Victoria, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Troedel and their sons. The walls are oatmeal brick and natural timber, with a front wall of glass.

RIGHT: Looking down from the boys' balcony to the living-room and front entrance below. Mrs. A. T. Troedel stands at the olive-green front door. Long fitted bookshelves and cupboards give privacy in the living-room from the front door and entrance gallery.



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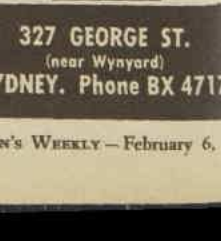
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# Contemporary home has sunlight, view

THE OAKS," so named because of row of 80-year-old trees growing on the property, is situated on 10 acres of ground in lovely country at Wheeler's Hill—a rural district about 15 miles from Melbourne. The house was designed by

architects Grounds, Boyd, and Romberg.

It was ingeniously planned to take advantage of the site's beautiful view over the Dandenong Mountains, and to admit the sun in winter and control it in summer.

This was done by placing the front of the house to face the north-east and the view, by building the front wall of glass, and stepping it at an angle so that it faces due north.

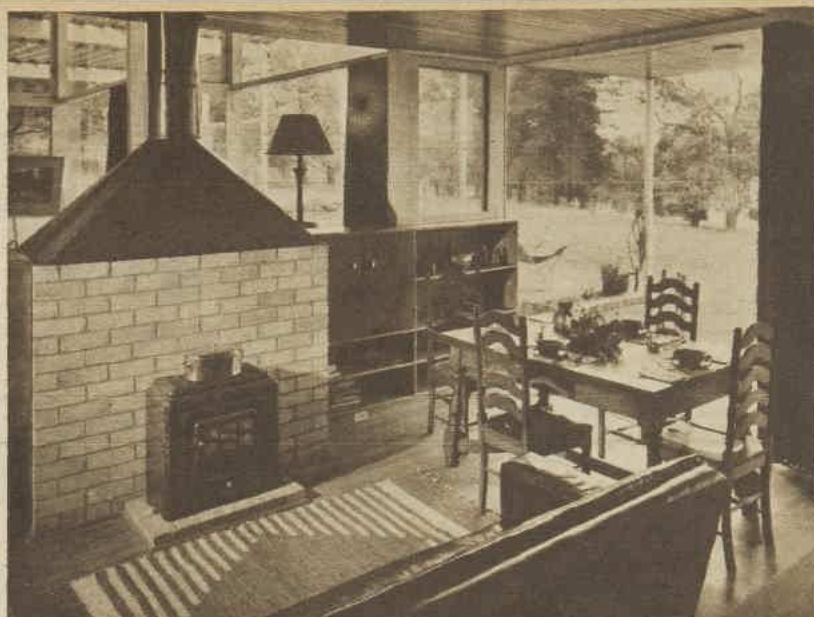
The larger sections of the glass wall are fixed, but the shorter sections have openings on to the bricked sun-terrace.

A wide pergola over the terrace has double roof beams so arranged that they allow the winter sun to penetrate but cut it off completely in the summer. See sketch on the opposite page.

Light oatmeal-colored bricks and natural timber form the other walls of the house, which is built on three levels to follow the gentle slope of the ground from the western to the eastern end.

The flat roof slopes in the opposite direction, and goes up from normal room height at the western end to two floors high at the opposite side.

On the ground floor are the entrance foyer in the centre of the house, the parents' bed-



room, with its own dressing-room and bathroom, and the big living-room.

A fireplace with a copper hood and flue is a feature of the living-room. Cupboards flanking each side of the fireplace separate the living-room from the lower level, in which are situated the dining-room and the modern cooking section that replaces the conventional kitchen.

Floors, ceiling, and the balcony wall in the living-room are natural timber, and the other walls are plaster. These are painted in a dull mushroom shade, and form an attractive background for the

**DINING-ROOM**, like every other room on the ground floor, opens on to the sun-terrace. On this side of the fireplace a slow-combustion stove warms the house and can be supplemented by an open fire in the living-room.

off-white rugs, dark green chair-covers and curtains.

The dining section, like every other room on the ground floor, opens out on to the sun-terrace. In this room, the fireplace contains a slow-combustion stove.

The highly functional cooking section is equipped with a long bench, on one side of which are situated the dining-electric stove, sink, dish-washing machine, and refrigerator. The other side is used as a meal bar.

A partition of Swedish veneer that fits into a centre slot can be lifted up to screen the cooking section from the living-room.

Off the cooking section is a spacious laundry-pantry.

The upper floor is reserved for the sons' use. It includes two bedrooms, one opening on to a sun-balcony, a shower room, and a large balcony that overlooks the living-room and is the boys' recreation-room and study.



REPLACE with copper hood and flue is an interesting feature of the living-room. Cupboards at each side separate the dining and cooking sections on a lower level. Floors are waxed and polished natural timber.

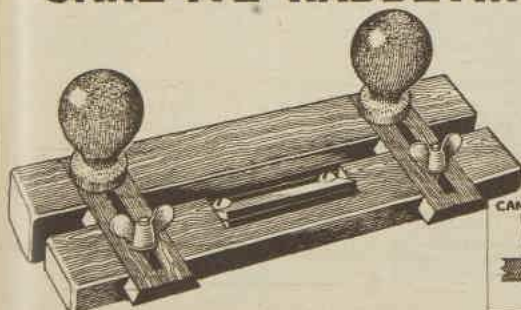
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Full instructions for using are supplied with the tool, as well as directions for the best method of nailing and finishing the sheets.

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# Pretty finish for blouses

● Dainty embroidery greatly enhances the appearance of a blouse and makes it a charming addition to your wardrobe. On this page are directions for embroidering two beautiful designs on plain blouses.

**PRETTY** curls of thread are sewn down to make the attractive couching motif featured on the collar of this blouse.

**T**HE softly curling motif shown on the blouse collar in the picture at left and in actual size below can be embroidered also on pretty organdie evening stoles, hostess aprons, tray-cloths, and used as a border on scarf and lingerie.

Here are directions for embroidering the blouse collar:  
**Materials:** One skein 871 (electric-blue) Clark's Anchor Stranded cotton; 1 Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 7.

Use four strands for laid threads, 2 strands for couching.

Trace the design centrally on to each side of blouse collar. Lay a thread along line of design, and couch down at even intervals with small stitches. When embroidery has been completed, press well on wrong side.

Alternative threads for working the collar motif are as follows: One ball 871 (electric-blue); 1 10 grm. ball No. 8 Clark's Anchor Pearl

cotton or 1 ball 593 (corn-flower); 1 24yd.-ball Clark's Anchor Filosheen. Use 4 strands for laid threads, 2 strands for couching.

## POCKET MOTIF

**ALTHOUGH** the unusual motif shown below was specially designed to decorate a blouse pocket, it can be used in many other ways.

It can be traced on to house linens and worked in a variety of shades and color combinations to give that individual touch.

The design can be broken up into small sections for embroidering on the corners of pillowcases and sheets or on handkerchiefs and lingerie. The complete design would give an elegant finish to place-mats, with a small section of the motif embroidered in the corner of each table napkin.

Here are directions for embroidering the blouse pocket:

**Materials:** One skein (black) Clark's Anchor Stranded cotton; 1 Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 7.

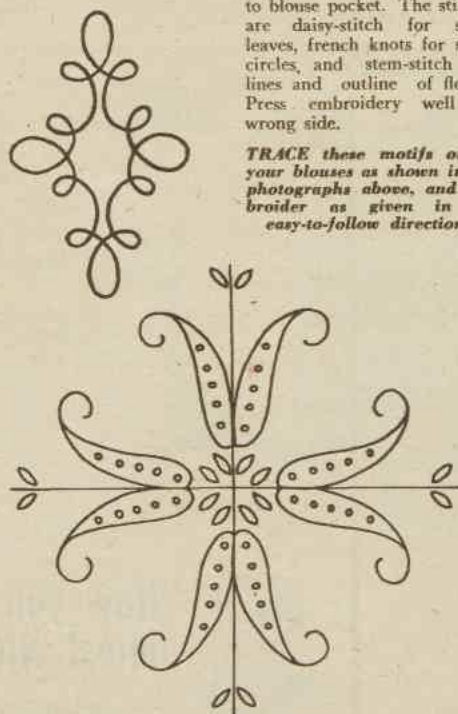
Use 2 strands throughout.

Trace the motif centrally on to blouse pocket. The stitches are daisy-stitch for small leaves, french knots for small circles, and stem-stitch for lines and outline of flower. Press embroidery well on wrong side.

**TRACE** these motifs on to your blouses as shown in the photographs above, and embroider as given in the easy-to-follow directions.



**THIS BLOUSE** has colored piping to match the pocket motif. The embroidery can match or contrast with the blouse color. The motif for your blouse pocket is shown below in actual size for you to trace. See instructions.



## SEWING HINTS

**BEFORE** cutting a buttonhole, machine round the outline. This gives a firm working edge that will not fray.

**T**HE stronger portions of old sheets can be made into gay and attractive aprons if trimmed with colored tape and embroidery. A good laundry apron can be made from an old plastic raincoat that has torn away at the seams.

**USE** a fine darning needle for tacking. The larger eye is easy to thread, and the longer needle means quick stitching.

**ALWAYS** wash new material before using it for a patch. This will prevent the patch from shrinking and puckering

when the mended garment is washed later. In darning woollen socks, always leave a loop of wool at each end of every row to prevent puckering after washing.

**REINFORCE** the elbows of children's sweaters before they start to wear. Use a patch, preferably of a matching woollen or other stretchy material. Secure the patch with herringbone or catch stitch, which are both elastic and will give with the sweater. Remember that in a firm woollen there is no need to turn the patch edges under.



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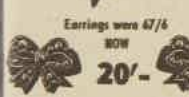
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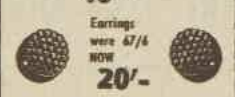
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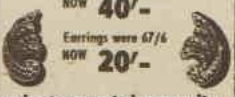
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# February is the time to...

- Sow sweet peas . . . plant daffodils and other bulbs . . . put in potatoes and a final lot of French beans . . . give roses a summer streamlining.

**N**OW is the time to do the spadework for a showy crop of sweet peas.

Enrich the soil by burying well-rotted manure or well-balanced compost. Good blooms are never produced from loosely prepared ground.

Liming or a sound dose of superphosphate will add vigor to the plants.

Space the seeds from four to six inches apart and pinch back the tops when about eight inches high.

Sow multiflora sweet peas for best results. They produce five to ten flowers on each long, sturdy stem.

● From now until the end of April plant out daffodils, hyacinths, tulips (in cool districts), lachenalias, ranunculi, sparaxis, ixias, bulbous irises, habianas, anemones, freesias, hippeastrums, nerines, grape hyacinths, snowflakes, and watsonias.

Put the plants in well-tilled soil that contains plenty of humus.

Do not add fresh manure to the soil for bulbs. It will decompose, create heat, and damage the bulbs if it touches them.

Only the oldest and well-sieved manure should be used. If no manure is obtainable, add bone-dust to the soil and mix in well.

Hyacinths need four to five inches of soil cover. They should be planted in gritty or sandy loam for best results.

Camellia-flower ranunculi are among the best of the spring-flowering bulbs for late summer and autumn planting.

They, too, require well-drained, rather light loam. If the soil is heavy, see that it is well drained and mix sand in the surface before planting.

● Potatoes sown now are usually ready to dig in early June.

Try some newer varieties, such as Monak, Sebago, Sequoia, Adina, Katahdin, then compare their quality with the old varieties.

Seed potatoes can be "greened" in shallow boxes in well-lighted rooms or sheds for a few weeks before planting.

Potatoes that have not developed short sprouts can be



**SWEET PEAS** are one of the most popular flowering annuals. For successful growth choose a position where plants will have good drainage and plenty of sunlight.

induced to do so by soaking for four hours in a solution of eight ounces of calcium carbide in four gallons of water.

They usually sprout within 21 days after this treatment.

Plant potato sets five to six inches deep and 12 to 15 inches apart in rows 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. apart.

Increase these distances for lighter and poorer soil.

Manure the ground well with well-rotted stable litter before planting. Water well.

It is too late for sowing French beans now in the most southerly districts. In central districts—around Sydney, for instance—this is regarded as the last month to sow them successfully.

## GARDENING

Queensland gardeners should follow

the usual seasonal time after the summer rains cease.

Give rose bushes a summer streamlining with the secateurs. Don't prune heavily, merely put the shrubs shipshape.

Remove all spent stems and hips (seedheads), which rob them of vigor needed for the autumn flower flush.

Spray rose bushes with colloidal sulphur or lime sulphur if mildew caused any curling and whitening of the young foliage during spring.

Bordeaux spray should be

used if black spot was noticed earlier. Remove all leaves showing black spot and burn them with prunings.

Kill white rose scales with white oil if this minute pest was seen on the main stems and branches during spring.

Feed the bushes lightly with rose fertiliser and maintain a good mulch of old manure or compost round them until the hot weather passes.

Continuing . . .

## The ABC of gardening

**MAGNOLIA:** Common and generic name of more than a score of trees and shrubs, deciduous and evergreen, indigenous to America and Asia.

**MAIDENHAIR:** Any fern of the genus *Adiantum*. Probably derived from the delicate dark brown or purplish-black branching stipes, or slender stems, which are hair-like in appearance.

**MANGEL, MANGOLD, OR MANGEL-WURZEL:** A group of beet varieties, characterised by red or yellow roots of great size and coarse texture. Used mainly for cattle feeding (*Beta vulgaris*, variety *macrocarpa*).

**MANTIS (Praying):** A curious insect belonging to the order Orthoptera and a useful friend of the gardener. Mantids live on other insects.

**MAXIMUM, MINIMUM, AND OPTIMUM:** Latin words meaning greatest, least, and best; applied to the conditions that control plant life.

**MONOECIOUS:** Plants bearing male and female flowers on the one plant.

**MULCHING:** Placing a layer of manure, straw, leaves, sawdust, or grass cuttings on the surface of the soil round a plant; or cultivating the soil into dust mulch or blanket to conserve moisture.

Thank You -  
beautiful women all  
over the world, for  
making Lustre-Creme  
the fastest-selling  
shampoo of all!



Hollywood's favourite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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*Elizabeth Taylor*

starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTRY" in M.G.M. Camera 65 and Metrocolour



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BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY  
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy satin-soft lotion  
form in leakproof Bubbles . . . 1/- each

## Seed-sowing chart

The following seeds can be sown during February:

### FLOWERS

Acrolinium, ageratum, alyssum, anemone, antirrhinum, aquilegia, arctotis, brachycome, calendula, candytuft, Canterbury bell, cornflower, delphinium, foxglove, heuchera, hennemannia, larkspur, linaria, mignonette, nasturtium, nemesia, pansy, poppy, ranunculus, stock, schizanthus, sweet pea, verendium, and wallflower.

### VEGETABLES

Beets, beans, carrot, parsnip, parsley, peas, spinach, silver beet, swede turnip, white turnip, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, kohlrabi, leek, savoy cabbage, cress, endive, lettuce, mustard, onion, radishes, potatoes, rhubarb (roots), shallots, tree onions.



Mr. Corrigan's fight. It doesn't look hard, and there must be a wonderful view—"

"There's a wonderful view from every single one of the Cuillins," said Marion dampingly.

"You've climbed them all?" asked Roderick gently.

"If you mean do I know what I am talking about, the answer is yes," said Marion Bradford.

There was a little pause, in which everyone looked faintly uncomfortable, and I wondered what on earth made people behave like that without provocation. Colonel and Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson returned to "The Times" crossword, and Roderick Grant lit a cigarette, looking all at once impossibly remote and well-bred.

Nicholas was looking bored, which meant, I knew, that he was irritated, and Marcia Maling winked across at me and then said something to him which made his mouth twitch. Roberta merely sat silent, fiery red, and unhappy.

## Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

[from page 54]

"Yes."

"That's Sgurr na Stri. It's a high tongue of land between here and the bay at the foot of Garsven. You can take a short cut across it, if you want a scramble. But if you follow the coast round to Loch Cornisk and the Cuillin, you have to cross the Bad Step."

"It sounds terrible. Is it a sort of Lovers' Leap?"

"Oh, no. It's only a slab of gabbro tilted at a filthy angle—about sixty degrees—"

"Not as much," said Roderick Grant.

"No? Maybe you're right. Anyway, it hangs over the sea, and you have to cross it by a crack in the rock, where your nails can get a good grip."

"Your nails?" said Marcia, horror-stricken. "D'you mean you have to crawl across?"

Nicholas grinned. "No, lady. He's talking about your boots."

"It sounds just my style," announced Roberta buoyantly. "After all, who minds drowning? Let's go round there, Marion, and come back over Sgurr na Stri."

"I've made up my mind where we're going," said Marion, in that flat, hard voice which carried so disastrously. "We're going up Blaven."

There was a sudden silence. I looked up sharply. I had been right, then, in thinking that some queer reaction took place every time that name was mentioned. This time it was unmistakable. And I was not imagining the note of defiance in Marion Bradford's voice. She knew that her announcement would fall on the room in just that kind of silence.

Ronald Beagle spoke then, diffidently. "Is that quite—er, wise, Miss Bradford? It's not exactly a beginner's scramble, is it?"

"It's easy enough up the ridge from this end," she said shortly.

"Oh, quite. But if the weather's bad—"

"A spot of rain won't hurt us. And if mist threatens we won't go. I've got that much sense."

He said no more, and silence held the room again for a moment. I saw Nicholas move, restlessly, and I wondered if he felt, as I did, a discomfort in the atmosphere sharper than even Marion Bradford's rudeness could warrant.

Apparently Marion herself sensed something of it, for she suddenly stabbed out her cigarette viciously into an ash-tray and got up.

"In any case," she said in that tight, aggressive voice of hers, "it's time someone broke the hoodoo on that blasted mountain, isn't it? Are you coming, Roberta?"

She stalked out of the room. Roberta gave me an uncomfortable little smile and got up to follow her. For an instant I felt like advising her to stay, then decided that, whatever the cross-currents of emotion that were wrecking the comfort of the party, I had better not add to them. I merely smiled at her, and she went out after her friend.

There was the inevitable awkward pause, in which everyone madly wanted to discuss Marion Bradford, but, fortunately, couldn't. Then Marcia, who, as I was rapidly discovering, had no inhibitions at all, said: "Well, really! I must say—"

Colonel Cowdray-Simpson cleared his throat rather hastily and said, across her, to Ronald Beagle: "And where do you propose to go tomorrow, Beagle?"

"Weather permitting, sir, I'm going up Sgurr na Gillean. But I'm afraid . . ."

I got to my feet. I had had

enough of this, and I felt cramped and stale after my journey. And if Murdo and Beagle were right, and it was going to rain in the morning, I might as well go out now for an hour.

As I turned to put my coffee-cup on the tray, I saw, to my dismay, that Nicholas had risen, too, and was coming across the room in my direction. It looked very much as if he were going to speak to me, or follow me out, and I felt, just then, that a tete-a-tete with Nicholas would be the final straw. I turned quickly towards the nearest woman, who happened to be Alma Corrigan.

"I'm going out for a short walk," I said, "and I don't know my way about yet at all. I wonder if you'd care to join me?"

She looked surprised and, I thought, a little pleased. Then the old resentful look shut down on her face again, and she shook her head.

"I'd have liked to very much," she was politely final. "But, if you'll forgive me, I'm a bit tired. We've been out all day, you know."

Since she had already told me, before dinner, that she had spent the day sitting on a boulder while the men fished the Strath na Creitheach, this was a very efficient rebuff.

"Of course," I said, feeling a fool. "Some other time, perhaps." I turned away to find Roderick Grant at my elbow.

"If I might—?" He was looking diffidently down at me. "There's a very pleasant walk up to the loch, if you'll let me be your guide. But perhaps you'd prefer to go alone?"

"By no means," I assured him. Nicholas had stopped when Roderick Grant spoke, and I knew that he was frowning. I smiled back at Mr. Grant. "Thanks very much. I'll be glad of your company."

Nicholas had not moved. I had to pass him on my way to the door. Our glances met; his eyes, hard and expressionless, held mine for a full three seconds, then he gave a twisted little smile and deliberately turned back to Marcia Maling. I went to get my coat.

AT half-past nine on a summer's evening in the Hebrides the twilight has scarcely begun.

The evening was very still, and though the rain-threatening clouds were slowly packing higher behind us in the southwest, the rest of the sky was clear and luminous.

Above the ridge of Sgurr na Stri, above and beyond the jagged peaks of the Cuillin, the sun's warmth still lingered in the flushed air.

We turned northwards up the valley, and our steps on the short sheep-turf made no sound in the stillness. The flat pasture of the estuary stretched up the glen for, perhaps, half a mile, then the ground rose, steep and broken, to make the lower spurs and hillocks that were Blaven's foothills.

One of these, the biggest, lay straight ahead of us, a tough little heather-clad hill which blocked the centre of the glen and held the southern shore of the loch. To the left of it curved the river; on the east a ridge of rock and heather joined it to the skirts of Blaven.

"Isn't there a path along the river?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, but if you want to climb An't Sron—that hill in front—for a view of the loch, we'd better keep to the Blaven side of the glen. There's a bog farther on, near the river, which isn't too pleasant."

"Dangerous, do you mean, or merely wet?"

"Both. I don't know whether it would actually open and swallow you up, but the ground shakes in a beastly fashion, and

## First Day at School

TODAY I took your chubby hand in mine.

And walked the shortest mile I'd ever walked.

You chattered gaily, swinging wide the gate,

And hurried me "because we might be late."

The knapsack on your back was shining new,

With "truly gold initials on it, too."

My baby! Could I hold you one more year?

I turned my face, you must not see the tear.

You brushed aside my kiss, a cruel blow!

"The other boys are looking, don't you know?"

And there I stood, a mute thing in the street,

Till sense prevailed, and home I turned my feet.

Old Darkie met me, howling for his mate,

And pausing at the little garden gate.

I turned the key and opened up the door,

And gathered up some toys about the floor.

Oh! Home was somehow suddenly grown cold,

A clock ticked loudly, and my heart felt old.

—By JOYCE E. ERIKSON.

you start to sink if you stand still. The deer avoid it." "Then," I said with a shiver, "by all means let us avoid it, too. It seems I ought to be very grateful to you for coming with me!"

He laughed. "It's actually pure selfishness on my part. If one loves a place very much one likes to show it off. I wasn't going to miss a fresh opportunity for taking credit to myself for this scenery. It must be one of the loveliest corners of the world."

"This particular corner, do you mean, or Skye and the Islands in general?"

"This bit of Skye." His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, but his eyes lifted briefly to the distant peaks, and to the great blue heights of Blaven dwarfing the glen where we walked. "Those."

"Is this your home, Mr. Grant?"

He shook his head. "No. I was born among mountains, but very different ones. My father was minister of a tiny parish away up in the Cairngorms, a little lost village at the back of the north wind. Auchlectie, at the foot of Bheininn a' Bhuid. D'you know it?"

"I'm afraid not."

He grinned. "I've never yet met anyone who did. . . . Well, that's where I learned my mountain-worship. I'd no mother; my father was a remote kind of man, who had very little time for me; it was miles to school, so as often as not I just ran wild in the hills."

"You must have been a very lonely little boy."

"Perhaps I was. I don't remember. I don't think I felt lonely." He grinned again. "That is, until an uncle died and left us a lot of money, and my father made me put shoes on and go to a public school to learn manners."

"That was bad luck."

"I hated it, of course. Particularly the shoes."

"And now you spend your time climbing?"

"Pretty well. I travel a bit—but I always seem to end up here, at any rate in May and June. They're the best months in the west, although—he flung a quick glance over his shoulder—"I think our friend Beagle was right about the weather. We'll have rain tomorrow for certain, and once the Cuillin get a good grip on a rainstorm they're very reluctant to let it go."

"Oh, dear," I said, "and I was wanting to walk. I begin to see why people take up fishing here; it must be sheer self-defence."

"Very possibly. Watch your step, now. It's tricky going in this light."

We had reached the foot of the little hill called An't Sron,

and began to climb the rough, heathery slope. A cock grouse rose with a clap from somewhere near at hand, and plucked down towards the river, chattering indignantly. The light had faded perceptibly. Like an enormous stormcloud above the valley Blaven loomed, and behind his massive edge hung now, the ghost of a white moon past the full.

Roderick Grant paused for a moment in his stride, and looked thoughtfully up at the wicked ridges shouldering the sky.

"I wonder if those two fool women will really go up there tomorrow."

"Is it a bad climb?"

"Not if you know which way to go. Straight up the south ridge it's only a scramble. But there are nasty places even there."

"Miss Bradford said she knew her way about," I said.

A smile touched his mouth. "She did, didn't she? Well, we can't do much about it."

"I suppose not." We were more than half-way up the little hill. The going was getting steeper and rougher. "Mr. Grant," I said, a little breathlessly.

"Yes?"

"I hesitated, then said flatly: 'What did Miss Bradford mean about a hoodoo on Blaven? What's wrong with it?'"

He stopped and glanced down at me. He looked surprised, almost blank. "Wrong with it?"

"Yes. Why does everyone shy off it like that? I'm sure they do. I can't be mistaken. And if it comes to that, what's wrong with the people in the hotel? Because there's something, and if you haven't noticed it—"

"You don't know?"

"Of course I don't know!"

I said, almost irritably. "I've only just arrived. But even to me the set-up seems uncomfortably like the opening of a bad problem-play."

"You're not far astray at that," said Roderick Grant. "Only we're half-way through the play, and it looks as if the problem isn't going to be solved at all. It's a nasty problem, too," he added gravely. "The nastiest of all, in fact. There's been murder done."

I gasped. "Murder?"

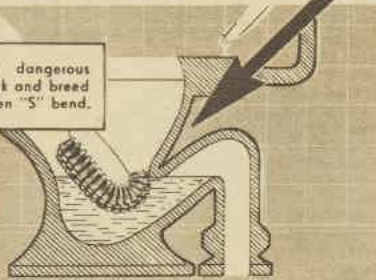
He nodded. "Two-and-a-half weeks ago it happened, on the thirteenth of May. It was a local girl, and she was murdered on Blaven."

"I—see." Half-unbelievingly I lifted my eyes to the great mass ahead. Then I shivered and moved forward. "Let's get to the top of this hill," I said, "and then I think you'd better tell me about it."

To be continued

## No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.



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HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans



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SKIRTS AND SLACKS

PURE WOOL WORSTED MELANGE by

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# Two Forty Five

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# Modern house coils round trees



**GUMTREES** (above), round which the "coil" house is built, shade the terrace. Street side of house is leaf-green brick, far end wall timber.

**LIVING - ROOM** (below) shows the house's color scheme of pink and grey, with bold color accents. Curtains serve as doors throughout.



**GALLERY** (above) links each room from the living-room to the main bedroom at the southern end of the coil. Balinese primitive paintings and indoor plants in brackets decorate its walls.

**ENTRANCE FOYER** (below) is paved with rich red brick, has open-shelf walls. Other floors are natural timber, cork-tiled in kitchen and bathroom. Walls are plaster or vertical boards.

**Built down the slope and round the trees, this "coil" house is a striking solution to the problems of a steeply dipping site.**

**T**HE site, at Ivanhoe, Vic., was bought by Mr. and Mrs. H. Snelleman because of its wide and beautiful views of the green pastures and winding waterways of the Yarra River valley.

On the steeply sloping block are two ancient and spreading eucalypts. The Snellemans disliked

the idea of having them chopped down to make room for the house, and asked their architect, Peter McIntyre, whether he could design their home around the trees and also retain the view.

Mrs. Snelleman is an Australian girl married to a Dutchman and spent the first years of her married life in Holland and Bali. Both she and her husband have a keen appreciation of the artistic, and had definite ideas about the type of home they wanted.

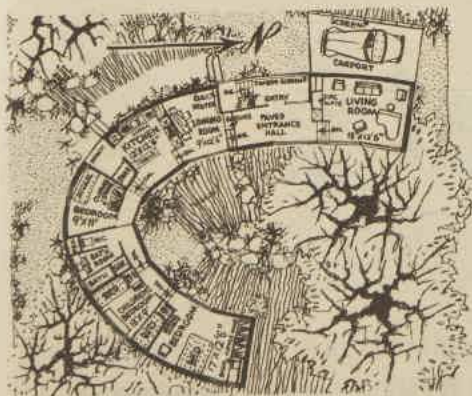
"We wanted a house that would lie down on the ground as though it were part of it," Mrs. Snelleman said, "not up in the air, like so many contemporary homes."

Their "coil" house is the result. The outer wall of the coil faces the street and the inner wall encloses a terraced outdoor living area, shaded by the gumtrees and looking out over the valley.

The house follows the contour of the ground—dropping down, room by room, with two or three steps for seven levels, saving costly excavation or building up.

Instead of the conventional space-wasting hallway in the "coil" house there is a gallery which runs along the inner side, enlarging every room, and from which there is a beautiful view.

As a link with the past, the roof incorporates timbers from Hosie's Hotel, a landmark in Flinders Street, Melbourne, that has now been rebuilt. Each piece of timber is stamped with the date 1880.



**PLAN** of the coil house, which is timber-framed, sheathed with brick and timber. Roof is bitumen with marble chips, with pergola over entry.





"Over a million Australian Housewives agree . . .

# VELVET SOAP IS KINDER TO HANDS A REAL MONEY SAVER FOR DISHES"

"Women like Velvet best because it's good, pure soap and really economical," says Aunt Jenny. "Letters pour in from all over Australia praising Velvet's extra-soapy suds for dishes and hands. Read what some users have to say."

*says  
Aunt Jenny*



When Aunt Jenny commented on her lovely hands, pretty Mrs. Hughes of Avalon said: "That says a lot for Velvet soap, Aunt Jenny. I do baby washing every day as well as the daily round of washing-up."



Nineteen years of housework—but Mrs. Coleman of Woollahra still has hands that rival her pretty mannequin daughter's. She says: "Velvet does a perfect wash-up and takes such good care of my hands."



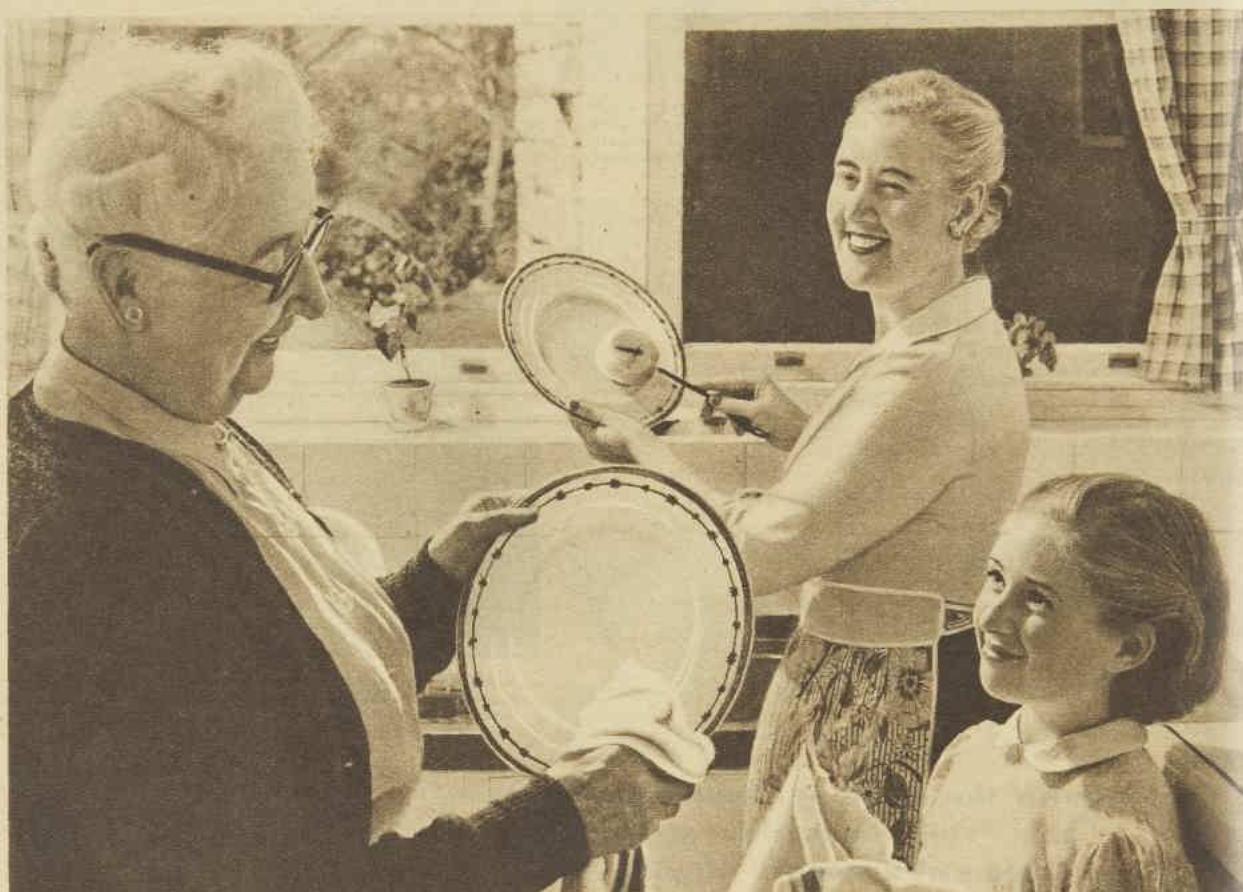
Mrs. Sara of Punchbowl, mother of the famous quads, praises Velvet: "When I'm not washing I'm washing-up. But good, pure Velvet makes both jobs easier. I do like it for my hands."



Twin sisters, Mrs. Cotter of Brighton-le-Sands and Mrs. Marsh of Marrickville say: "We were brought up with Velvet always in the house. Velvet's extra-soapy suds do such a quick, clean wash-up—and Velvet costs so much less."



Her hands are soft and pretty, yet Mrs. McIntyre of Bondi has 8 whole years of homemaking to her credit. "Velvet is the kindest soap a housewife can use," she says, "and I like its economy, too."



"I WAS BROUGHT UP TO BE THRIFTY—that's one of the reasons I use Velvet soap for washing-up," says Mrs. Lupton of Balmoral. "Velvet's pure

and gentle . . . and so economical! I've worked it out that washing-up with Velvet costs me less than 4d. a week—a real saving these days."



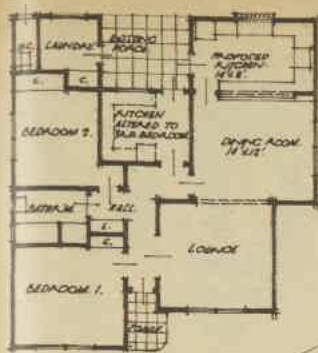
"It's simply wonderful how Velvet keeps our clothing costs down," says Mrs. Lupton. "Those extra-soapy suds really do make clothes last longer. Velvet cleans thoroughly, but always gently!"



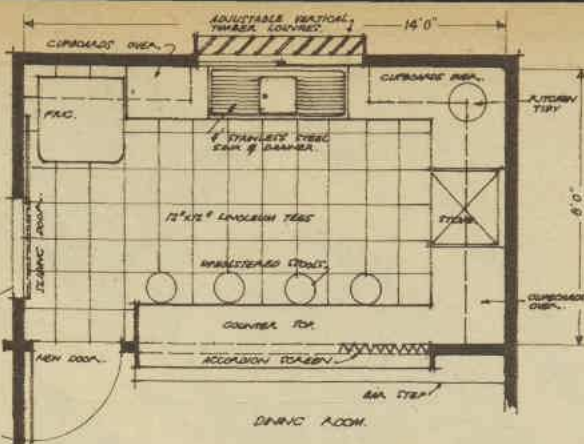
Keeps busy hands soft and smooth — and remember —  
**VELVET-WASHED CLOTHES LAST LONGER!**

V.235.WWFFq





FLOOR PLAN (above) shows the alterations made to provide a new kitchen and an additional bedroom. Note how the new kitchen has a more convenient access to the dining-room. The existing kitchen has been made into a bedroom.



NEW KITCHEN EXTENSION (above) shown in detail. A buffet counter with storage space for stools underneath leaves plenty of space for working, without giving the room a cluttered look. An accordion screen divides the two rooms.

## ARCHITECT'S DIARY

# Planning new kitchen

A N.S.W. reader, Mrs. Joyce Halloran, of New Lambton, has asked my advice about converting the existing kitchen of her home into a bedroom for her second child.

By Sydney architect  
W. J. McMURRAY

TO relocate the existing kitchen would involve many plumbing alterations, but the advantages gained would, in my opinion, justify this expense.

The present kitchen is rather small and is not con-

venient to the dining-room. Meals have to be carried through the hall.

As shown in the plan at left above, the new kitchen would be more convenient, and a buffet-type servery between the two rooms would

enable meals and drinks to be served from the kitchen directly into the dining-room.

A dinette is required in the new kitchen, but a conventional dining-nook or a kitchen suite would reduce the room's work area to below that of the original kitchen.

To overcome this problem, I suggest installing a buffet counter with a large accordion screen opening on to the dining-room. A row of upholstered stools would serve as seats when the counter is used as a dinette on the kitchen side.

With the accordion screen opened back, the buffet-counter would be the servery to the dining-room.

The space under the buffet counter would be free of cupboards, allowing the stools to be stowed away and also giving comfortable seating at the counter.

Kitchen fittings include under-bench cupboards for the full extent of the sink, and counters on the northern and western sides of the kitchen. These cupboards include a bank of drawers for kitchen cutlery, a tea-towel rack next to the stove, a vegetable storage bin, and space for cooking utensils.

The space at the corner of the two benches could be occupied by a built-in kitchen-

tidy, the top of which is flush with the counter top. Ample space to store crockery, glassware, and groceries would be provided by the overhead cupboards, shown in the plan at right, above.

Mrs. Halloran doubts whether a continuation of the existing lean-to type of roof over the porch and laundry would be suitable over the new kitchen.

The minimum ceiling height for a kitchen is 9ft., and it is difficult to maintain this with a lean-to addition to a house with a tiled roof. Also a roof of this type would make the kitchen hot unless it were carefully insulated.

I suggest the new roof over the kitchen be constructed as an extension of the existing hipped tile roof. This is a little more expensive, but it would be cooler, look better, and increase the value of the extended home.

The western aspect of the kitchen window would necessitate some protection from late-afternoon sun. This is best provided by a bank of adjustable vertical timber or aluminium louvers placed outside.

To allow these louvers to operate, windows of a non-projecting type would be required, such as double-hung sashes or horizontally sliding plate-glass.

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and make it silkier, softer  
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**VELMOL**  
THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN washing heavy curtains fill the tub with cold water, then add a heaped tablespoon of Epsom-salt. Leave them to soak overnight, and rinse in cold water. Lift without wringing and hang to dry. They will look like new.

IF you don't wear rubber gloves, scrape your fingernails over soap before gardening or doing a job of dyeing. This will help to keep them clean.

USE a level when hanging a mirror or picture to make sure it is straight. Lightly mark around one lower corner to guide you the next time you straighten it.

VINEGAR and salt rubbed on the inside of a copper boiler will clean it and take away any stains. Dry it quickly after the application.

ATTACH a tag stating size to each tablecloth in your cupboard, and thus avoid unfolding the wrong one.

COLOR a large sheet of corrugated cardboard with poster paint and hang it on the wall so the youngsters can paste or tack their pictures to it.

TO rid utensils of fish odor add a couple of table-spoons of ammonia to washing-up water.

## New Iridescent Broom makes sweeping a JOY!



What a pity this illustration can't show you "REGAL SWEEP" in all its REAL glory

### A BROOM THAT GREET'S YOU WITH GLOWING COLOUR.

You'll be charmed, captivated by "Regal Sweep's" entirely new-type bristles. In glorious iridescent shades of Blue Haze, Rose Mist and Golden Spray offset by jet black stock and handle. This is a broom you'll love to own, love to use. Make a point of seeing "Regal Sweep" in all its shimmering beauty . . . soon.

### THE BRISTLES NEVER LOSE SHAPE

Under test this broom was left standing overnight with a heavy weight on its back. Despite this unusually severe treatment the bristles regained their shape within an hour. "Regal Sweep" will give you far longer service, far better value, than any broom you've ever used.

### FLUFFED ENDS ATTRACT DUST and DIRT

With "Regal Sweep" you'll sweep faster, easier than ever before. The soft, fluffed bristle tips actually attract dirt, dust and lint. The bristles brush clean in a jiffy, and when desired, can be washed in warm soapy water.

### YOU MUST SEE

MOST GLORIOUS GLAMOROUS LONGEST-LASTING BEST VALUE BROOM YOU'VE EVER USED

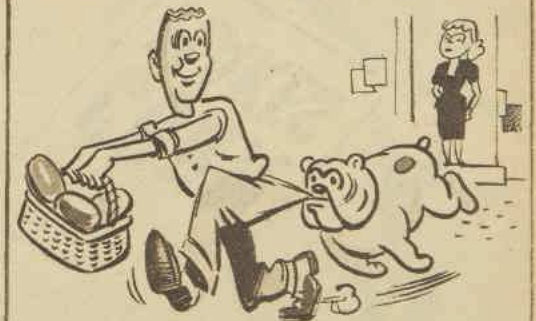
**Regal Sweep** by **SABCO**

WITH MATCHING BANNISTER BRUSHES

AT LEADING HARDWARE STORES & GENERAL MERCHANTS

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WORK SHIRTS • WORK TROUSERS

YOUR SHOES NEED

**MELTONIAN**  
CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS  
So good for shoes

**MELTONIAN SUEDE SHOE CREAM**  
NEUTRAL

*All Fashionable Colours*

... ALSO IN HANDI-TUBES





## GOLD...AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

**SUDDENLY YOU FIND IT:** the mellow warmth and sweetness of a long golden summer, the stored deep-down goodness of the sun.





You lift the packet and spill a whole summer of sunshine into your breakfast bowl; hear it rustle, smell its freshness, taste the best-loved breakfast cereal in the world.

You may not know about Kellogg's secret flavour-process, or the fact that

Corn soaks up more sunshine than any other grain. All you know is that nothing has ever tasted so good, so richly satisfying, as Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And no breakfast has ever made you feel quite so ready for the busy day ahead.

We can't promise you a rainbow. But, rain or shine, there'll be sunshine—**stored sunshine**—on your breakfast table tomorrow if you start the day with Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



One serving of  Kellogg's Corn Flakes with  milk,  sugar and  fruit gives you enough energy to . . .



Walk for 5½ hours



Drive a car for 7 hours



Sew for 10 hours



Wash dishes for 6 hours

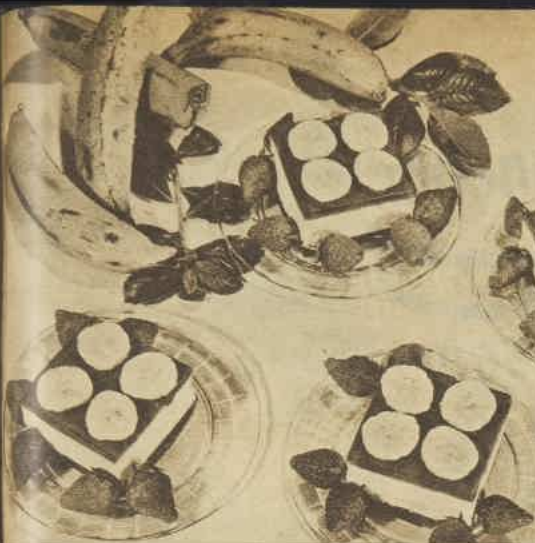


Sweep floors for 4½ hours



Write and type for 12 hours





**BANANA DELIGHT** is a delicious sweet. Set a thin layer of jelly in a shallow tin. Add a thick layer of custard mixed with gelatine and mashed bananas. When set add more jelly. Garnish attractively and serve as illustrated.

## Fish recipe wins prize

● An appetising luncheon dish of seasoned fish and two interesting jam recipes, both featuring summer fruits, win prizes for readers this week.

**A**NY type of fresh fish or tinned fish cutlets can be used in the prize-winning savory dish.

Peach and pineapple and papaw and plum are two unusual combinations for jam, and well worth making while these fruits are in season.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### SEASONED FISH CASSEROLE

Two and a half to 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 small grated onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped sage,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 dessert-spoon melted butter, 2 cups cooked flaked fish, 1 small tin tomato soup.

Combine breadcrumbs with onion, herbs, sage, lemon rind, salt, pepper, and melted butter; mix well. Arrange around the sides of an ovenware dish so that it forms a ring. Place prepared fish in centre, pour undiluted soup over fish. Cover, and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley St., Noble Park, Vic.

### PEACH-AND-PINEAPPLE JAM

Three pounds yellow peaches, 2lb. sugar, 2 cups grated pineapple, juice of 1 large lemon.

Peel, stone, and cut peaches into small pieces. Place in a saucepan with the sugar and lemon juice; bring slowly to the boil. Add prepared pineapple and cook quickly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, hot jars. Seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. G. Forsyth, 24 Scottish Ave., Edwardstown, S.A.

### PAPAW-AND-PLUM JAM

Four tablespoons water,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. half-ripe, firm papaw,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plums (red variety), 2 tablespoons preserved ginger (cut or chopped fine), 2lb. sugar or, if fruit is very sweet, reduce sugar to  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Peel papaw, remove seeds, and cut into neat cubes. Sprinkle with a little of the sugar and allow to stand 4 or 5 hours. Remove stones from plums and cut into slices. Put water in preserving-pan or saucepan with cubed papaw and plums, cook gently until soft, stirring occasionally. Add ginger and warmed sugar, and cook until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Fisher, Woongoolba, M.S.33, Beenleigh, Qld.

## No more tears from "soap in the eyes"



**WON'T BURN or IRRITATE eyes!**

- Leaves hair shining, easy to comb
- Pure, gentle, safe
- Wonderful for all the family



**PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON**

## FAMILY DISH

**C**OLD cooked lamb extended with macaroni makes an appetising family dish that costs approximately six shillings and ninepence and serves four or five.

### LAMB AND MACARONI BAKE

One and a half to 2 cups cold cooked lamb (minced or chopped), 1 large tomato, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint melted butter sauce, 4oz. macaroni, 1 dessert-spoon grated onion, 4oz. tasty cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, breadcrumbs, extra grated cheese, and butter or substitute.

Combine minced lamb, chopped tomato, and salt and pepper to taste; place in greased ovenproof dish. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Add to sauce with onion, cheese, and parsley. Pour over lamb in dish. Top with breadcrumbs mixed with extra grated cheese. Dot with butter or substitute and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

## Over-tired children

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**M**ANY adults do not realise that babies and little children easily become over-tired, especially in the hot weather and during the holidays.

On excursions to the city or at the seaside the excitement, noise, and hurrying crowds affect both the mothers and little children. Such outings often result in disobedient, hysterical children suffering from nervous fatigue, and irritable and nervy mothers.

Temporary periods of disobedience in a normally well-behaved child are usually

caused by over-tiredness; so are indigestion, poor appetite, restless sleep, and backwardness.

Therefore it is vitally important for little children to get sufficient rest and sleep. A good plan—but not always possible for a busy housewife—is to call children in for 10 minutes' rest before meals. After play they should be made to lie flat on the floor for a period of rest while a story is told to them.

A day-time sleep and an early bedtime at night are ways of overcoming a state of fatigue in little children.

Shines without rubbing!

**INSTANT SHINE**  
**WUNDAWAX**  
SELF-SHINING POLISH



Spread it and forget it!

**WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH** can be applied quickly and easily and will dry **WITHOUT RUBBING** to a bright glossy surface. This surface forms a highly protective film that is non-slipping and will not "build-up" or discolour. A small quantity of **WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH** applied to your floors each week keeps them bright and glossy—without the need for rubbing.

Buy **WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH** with **Instant Shine** in the big bright 16 oz. bottle from grocers, stores, and supermarkets.



Here are the three Wundawax Instant Shine packs:

**WUNDAWAX POLISH**

**WUNDAWAX POLISHING CREAM**

**WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH**

**WUNDAWAX**  
AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST SELLING FLOOR POLISH  
**POLISH**

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## SOOTHE SORE FEET

A-ah! Good to get off those shoes. Now smooth on cool, soothing Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. At all chemists and stores. Economy jar, 3/9—standard jar, 2/3.

"Vaseline" is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.





## These two Chicken Specials let you and your kitchen stay cool

### CHICKEN SOUP

When appetites need gentle coaxing, spare a quick seven minutes to home-cook four big bowls of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Continental brand is just so rich in tempting chicken flavour, it makes you want to keep on eating! And when you've another packet of Continental handy, its rich chicken goodness will make the delicious Chicken Jellyed Salad pictured here!

(24 oz.) water in a saucepan and when boiling add the contents of a packet of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Boil 7 minutes and remove from heat. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly before adding 1 cup chopped cold meat (cooked veal, rabbit or lamb) and ½ cup each of diced cooked carrots and peas. Pour into a wetted loaf tin to set. Chill. Serve with lettuce and salad vegetables.

### CHICKEN JELLIED SALAD

Soften 3 level dessertspoons gelatine in ½ cup (4 oz.) cold water. Place 3 cups



*Betty King*  
Home Economist of  
World Brands.

# Tempt tired summer appetites with delicious Chicken Noodle Soup



Soup's new at a barbecue. What a clever surprise for a happy barbecue group. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup to satisfy those "fresh-air" appetites! No one guessed the treat in store, because the handy Continental packets slip neatly out of sight in any spare pocket. Billy boiling? Right!—empty in a packet or two of Continental and, in a matter of minutes, soup's on—not the warmed-up kind, but a delicious chicken soup, fresh-cooked on the spot. Mmmm!—wait till the gang tastes that chicken.



Mushroom Soup makes marvellous sauce. You might as well not have mushroom at all if you can't heap it on. So here's a new way to make lots and lots. Just empty a packet of Continental brand Mushroom Soup into a saucepan. Gradually blend in two measuring cups (16 fluid oz.) milk. Stir till boiling, simmer gently for 3 minutes, stirring slowly. Because Continental contains real mushroom pieces, the sauce on steak is wonderful.



Tomato Vegetable Soup and Sandwiches. Always send a sandwich happily on its way with Continental fresh-cooked soup. You'll find Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup is almost a meal in itself—chock-full of tender carrot, celery, cabbage, potato and tasty brown onion—together with egg noodles in rich tomato stock. Sandwich fillings that go best with it are: Sardines and Onion, Peanut Butter, Salmon, Sliced Egg and Olive, or Ham.



WB.70.WW.FFC.



# DEBBIE MAKES A SUMMER SWEET

**PINEAPPLE CHANTILLY** is simple to make, following the method of Debbie, our teenage chef. Its cool pineapple and coconut flavor makes it a delicious summer sweet.

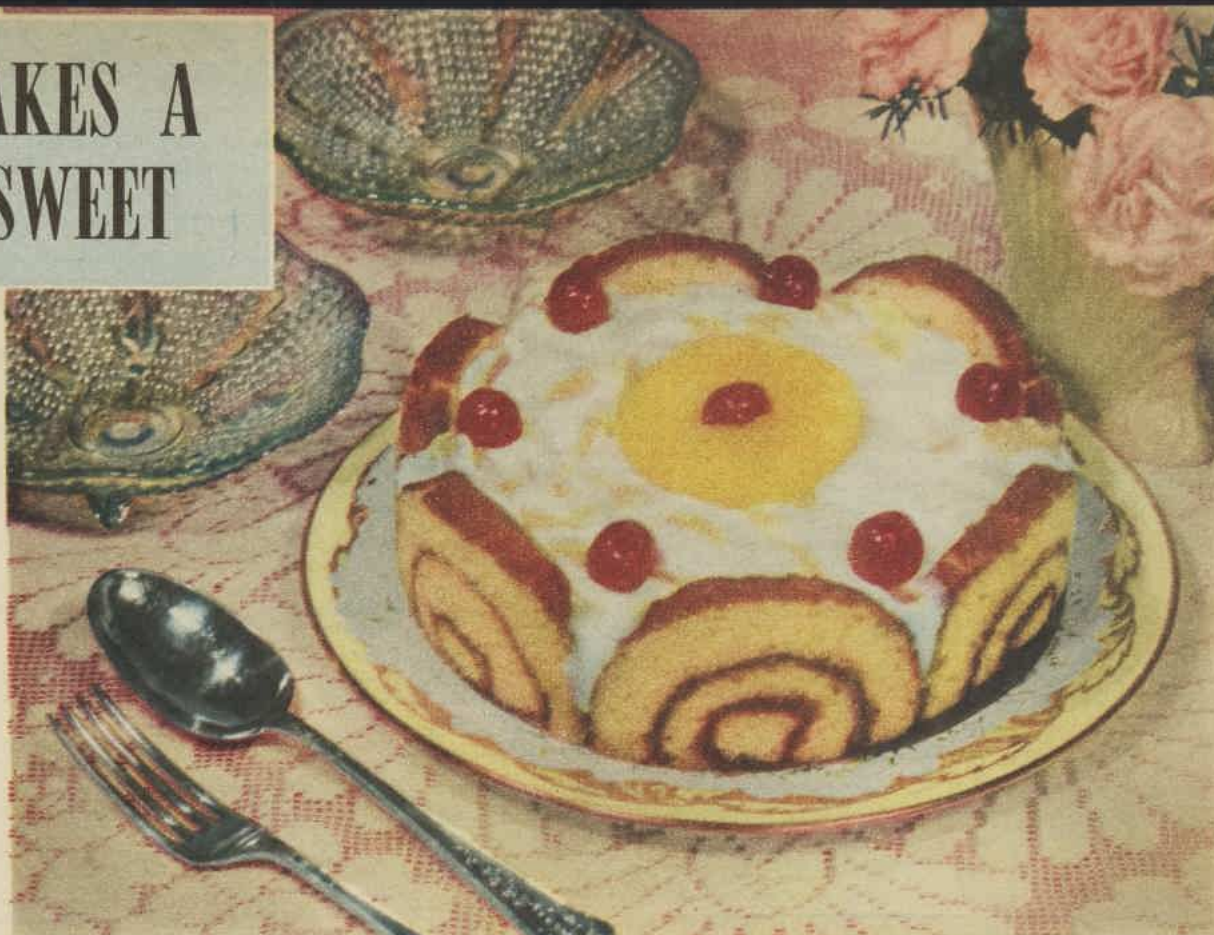
It may be made in a flan-tin or prepared in and served from a bowl.

The following recipe serves 5 or 6. All spoon measurements are level.

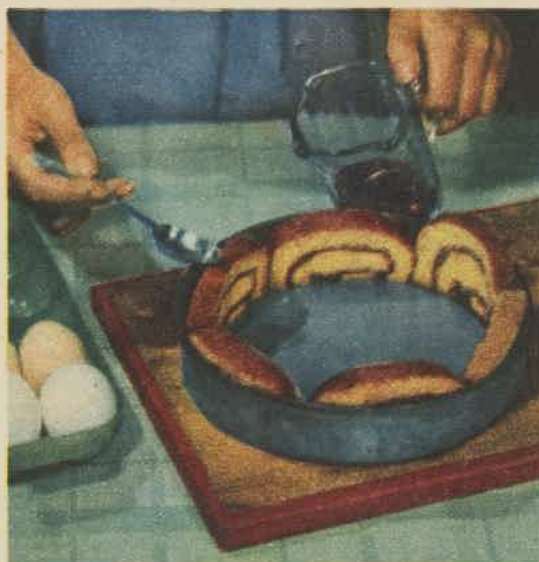
## PINEAPPLE CHANTILLY

Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 slices Swiss roll, 2 or 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons arrowroot, 3oz. sugar, 1 tin sliced pineapple, 5 or 6 tablespoons coconut, cherries.

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water and line the sides of the mould with slices of Swiss roll trimmed to fit. Moisten with sherry. Mix the sugar and arrowroot smoothly with a little milk. Add the remainder of the milk, stir over low heat until the mixture boils; simmer for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, then add vanilla, beaten egg-yolks, dissolved gelatine, chopped pineapple, and coconut. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour or spoon into the cake-lined mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter and decorate with cherries and pineapple.



**SLICE** a sponge roll into pieces  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick. Trim edges so that the slices stand up around the edge of an 8 in. flan-tin, one with a movable base, or in a bowl.



**ARRANGE** sponge slices around the sides of the flan-tin with the cut edge resting on the base of the tin. Sprinkle cake with sweet sherry or pineapple juice.



**PREPARE** the pineapple-coconut mixture according to directions given above. When cool fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites, mixing lightly but thoroughly.



**POUR** or spoon the pineapple mixture into the cake-lined mould and chill until the mixture sets.

**PLACE** one hand under base of tin and carefully ease the sweet out of the flan-ring. Decorate with cherries, pineapple, and cream.





from page 5

Be brave. Stand up to them. Say no, you won't bring it down to be laughed at.

But she was going up the stairs, taking the picture again in her hands. She was coming down the stairs and Jim was carrying a tray into the living-room.

"Well, let's see it!" Nancy said.

She held it up slowly. Nancy gave a little giggle, not really cruel; indulgent, the way Jim sometimes laughed. "The frame's quite decent, darling," she said.

"I don't care. I think it's nice," Mrs. Winters said.

Sam looked away, embarrassed, and Jim said, "Your mother thinks we'll have to mortgage the old homestead; she's feeling very guilty."

Sam let a grin go up towards the print, said, "Quite catholic in art tastes, this household."

Then Timothy said, "I like it. I congratulate you, Mrs. Winters. I like it very much. It has some very real values. Could I take it, please?" And he took the picture and looked at it carefully. "Anna Kulak," he said. "I wonder who she is? I do like this. Shouldn't we hang it somewhere?"

Why, how kind he is, Mrs. Winters thought. I feel as if he were my friend, he and Anna Kulak. Funny, I don't have more friends. I used to—they're all gone. Where have they gone? Susie and Fran and Mary Lou Messier?

"Here?" Nancy said, look-

ing around at the bright prints, the sofa with the slip cover that Nancy had ordered from that woman who charged so much and imported materials from France.

"Why, anywhere," Timothy said.

"I'm afraid Nancy takes after me; we shy away from the obvious," Jim said apologetically to Timothy. "Have a drink?"

"Thanks, no," Timothy said. "I'll wait for those sandwiches and some coffee, if I may."

"Our Timothy is such a pure young man," Nancy said. "So strong, so upright, so—"

"Hold it," Sam said. "He's not so good as all that. And I'm here, too."

Mrs. Winters slipped away with her picture. She went to her room, took down the old picture of Jim's mother by the bureau, and hung the new picture there. . . . And Jim had held her arm so tightly under the umbrella, and he'd said, "You know, Louie, I love you. You've got a face just like a flower—I can't wait to get home so I can see you again." And the rain had swept under and hit their faces, and felt good.

And she was just the same now, wasn't she? No, I'm not, she admitted. Somewhere something had gone away from her. She had once liked everybody, trusted everybody, and

people had liked her, too. Now she didn't even trust herself. She'd thought, because they loved each other, that she could manage everything, could make herself into someone he'd be proud of as well as love.

But somehow life had gone too fast. "If he'd loved me enough to wait," she said. "But he never has." The words shocked her. "He never has—he never has. It's queer—it's awful. I feel relieved—as if I didn't have to try any more," she said, staring at the rainy street.

She turned quickly and went down. They were dancing in the living-room with the record - player on. You'd think, after the long drive and exams coming up on Monday, that they'd be too tired, but no, they couldn't be still a minute. Not a minute.

She put the coffee on, got out the meat, and made sandwiches. "I guess it's true," she said to herself. "I do always want to feed people. It's like the flowers. I've always felt as if that was something I could do for people, but maybe they want something else."

But she remembered old Kate Mullins, whom none of them liked much when they were young, how she used to come and tell her mother all her troubles, and how her mother would call out, "Louie, is there any fresh bread left or have you children finished it? Here comes Kate Mullins, and she'll want a spot of tea and some toast."

She must have got the habit, way back there. And yet—and yet it had done Kate good to sip her tea and munch her toast and pour out her troubles. They'd had so little, but her mother always managed tea and toast or a bit of cake if somebody dropped in.

There was Cap Pedersen, who used to come and sit at the kitchen table and drink coffee. Cap was dead and Kate Mullins was dead and her mother was dead. And yet here she was, thinking just the way her mother used to: "You need a spot of food to go with talk."

She went into the other room and Nancy was dancing with Sam. Her dark hair hung back from her face and she looked—well, violent, just like the print. Sam looked like a fox, Mrs. Winters thought. Timothy sat on the arm of a chair and his eyes were on Nancy. Jim was by the record-player, looking almost as young as they. No, his hair had gone a little grey.

"The coffee's ready," Mrs. Winters said. "Help yourselves when you're ready."

"I'm ready," Timothy said, and came straight towards her, not even looking back to see if the rest were coming. He paused by the dining-room table. "Did you grow the flowers yourself?" he asked. "They look so fresh as if just this minute picked."

"Well, they were, almost. I—sometimes I have to take them away from the garden." "Yes," he said. He came into the kitchen. "Could I help?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I've got the sandwiches all on that platter. You can use these cups. . . . Do you room with Sam?"

"No, I don't room with Sam. I have a room of my own. I find you get less gregarious as time goes on. It seems all sound and fury without meaning, if you know what I mean—I'm sure you do," he ended with a warm smile.

She almost told him, so easy it was to talk to him, about sleeping alone in her room, of how she liked the long night hours, reading all by herself, lonely as it was. How all the nagging little worries melted away then and she felt calmer and stronger.



# Adam and Eve



Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

## JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband is very fond of apple pie, so, as we get fresh fruit only once a week, I decided to surprise him with one for lunch. Lunchtime came and I set the pie in front of him, complete with his name written on top in pastry, and awaited the compliment I thought I would surely get.

"What," he said. "No cream to go with it?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. K. J. Smith, Police Station, Hatches Creek, N.T.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man," or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## JUST LIKE A WOMAN

FRIENDS of mine, a couple with an 18-month-old son, were out driving one afternoon. The youngster was quite fascinated with the gear shift of the car, and jiggled it at every opportunity. His father gently uncovered his hand each time, and the boy was becoming irritated. Finally, mother, who did not drive herself, became annoyed, and said to her husband:

"Well, for heaven's sake, let him play with it—you never use it anyway!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. L. J. Tucker, 111 Chatham Rd., Denistone, N.S.W.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Only you want someone."

"So you do. You'd think, wouldn't you, that after the Army almost anyone would fill the bill? It doesn't seem to be that way. You just get more choosy and the someone's got to be very special. You'd think you'd want to swallow life whole—odd, you don't."

Was he trying to tell her something about Nancy?

"Coffee!" he called, but the music went on. They didn't come and he reached for the pot, saying, "I'm not going to wait. I needed this."

"Do you think Nancy's changed?" she asked.

He looked at her, looked away. "Not since I've known her—which isn't long," he said. "Has she?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it seems so; Jim thinks not. . . . I used to worry about not going to college. I just went to high school." Queer to be admitting it right out to someone. "But now—well, I don't know. It seems to do something queer to you. If it makes you just not care about anything any more—if it makes it seem stupid not to care—I don't know that I care any more. About not going."

"Oh, we care. It's just manners; just a pose, Mrs. Winters."

"Is it? Oh, I hope it is just pretending, because it seems as if I couldn't bear it, if they meant it; if they really thought the way they talked."

"Why, look at our Timothy making up to Mom!" Nancy said as she went for the coffee. "Has he asked for my hand, Mom?"

"Quite the contrary. Don't be so forward," Timothy said.

He grinned at her and spoke lightly, but Mrs. Winters had a feeling of a good deal being said to which she had no clue. She'd thought him so very nice, but suddenly she felt him as a male being, with passion and anger inside him—someone who could love a girl terribly much.

Maybe Nancy. And under Nancy's mocking voice was something strange, too—some answer to the passion—something hinting at a knowledge of him far beyond what her voice, her scornful manner, indicated. Since she'd been sitting here she'd almost lost that feeling of wanting to cry. Now it swept over her again; she felt such sorrow—she didn't know why.

Then she hardly heard them—the sharp voices, the laughter. The pile of sandwiches diminished, the coffee - pot went back to the stove. Sam's voice went on and on—and Jim talked just like him—and

Nancy. "All sound and fury"—was that what he'd said? But she had heard this talk so many times. . . . Nancy was getting out the runny cheese. She always seemed to feel you had to have some funny-named cheese to make a party right.

Now they were talking about sex—they laughed about something they called the Binsey report—something they'd got

up themselves at school. Well, it couldn't be true, because young people just couldn't be that bad—they couldn't. If she thought Nancy was really like that she couldn't bear it. But Timothy had said they were just pretending.

She went away from the sound and the fury. She was

To page 72

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## Especially in Summer

## SKIN needs NIVEA care

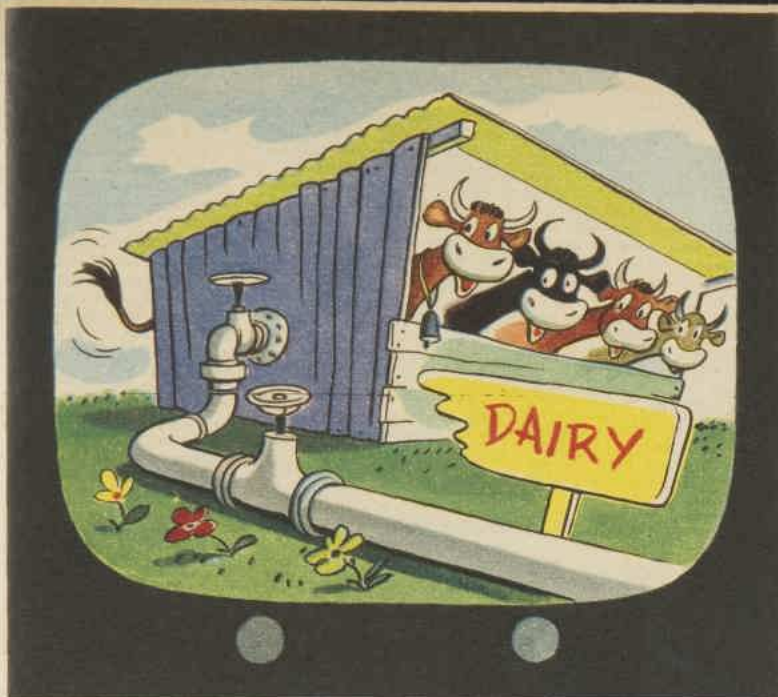
Summer sun and breezes dry out the natural oils of your skin. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite—the nearest thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin. Protect, soothe and nourish your skin with Nivea.



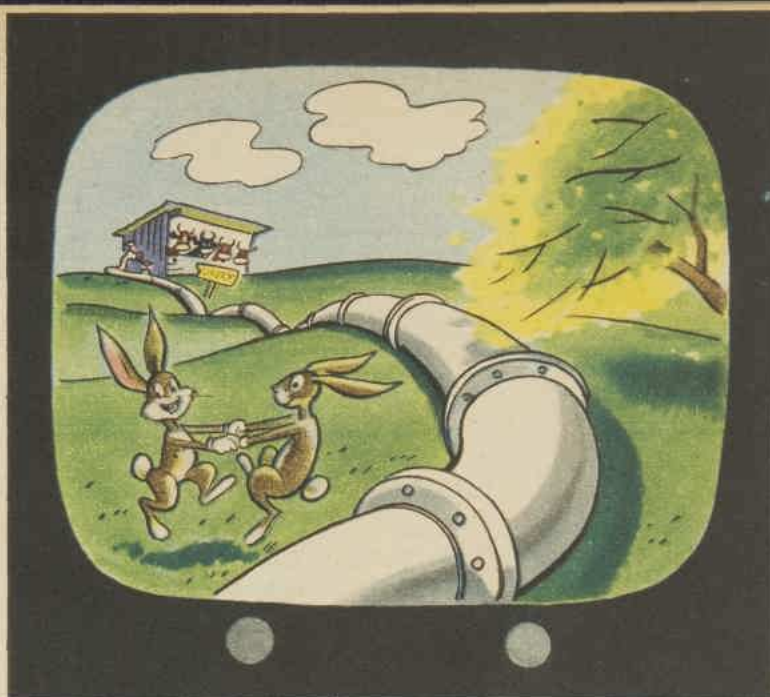
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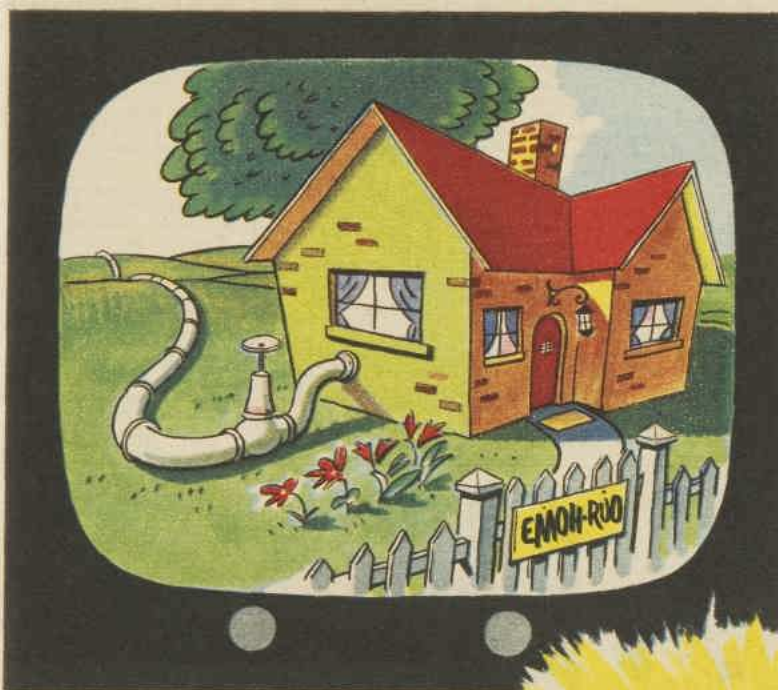




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—the next best thing to a pipeline of rich country milk to your home, is a tin of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk! With a tin of Sunshine in your kitchen, you always have milk "on top."

Anything you can do with fresh milk, you can do (more conveniently!) with Sunshine. It's perfect for scones, cakes and desserts . . . for sauces and soups . . . for milk drinks . . . and, of course, your favourite home-made ice-cream.

What's more, Sunshine is money-saving milk. There's no souring, no waste . . . for Sunshine stays pure and fresh right to the last spoonful.

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The 3lb. tin of Sunshine gives you **16 PINTS** of Rich Creamy Milk!

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\* NESTLÉ'S—first in quality! First in TV! Nestlé's made TV history by booking the first big show on Australian TV. This page depicts scenes from one of the entertaining TV commercials.



used to going away, just fading away when she thought the young people wanted to be alone. She faded up the stairs and into her room, and shut the door. From below the sound of music came again. It went on and on. And exams were coming Monday.

She got into bed and looked at her picture. She felt different, but the picture was just the same — just exactly the same. Only she knew she wasn't any more the girl who had walked in the rain with Jim. She knew that now. And Nancy wasn't the same little girl who used to help her pick flowers and cried so when her big dog was killed. Nancy wasn't that little girl any more. And Jim would never say again she looked like a flower.

Then, still looking at the picture, which was so exactly what spring was, she felt a sudden deep shame for her relief of earlier. For just as this picture was real, so had their love been real. She had said for a moment that it hadn't been real. "I'm sorry, Mom," she whispered. Her mother used to say, "That's my brave girl!" And she had almost lied about her love and Jim's love, just because she was tired, because she wasn't brave.

It was very late when they came up the stairs, not so noisily as sometimes. Doors closed. Water ran in the bathroom. It was quiet. And then she heard the sound from Nancy's room next door, like someone crying.

Mrs. Winters sat straight up in bed, her violet eyes open and frightened.

Nancy? Crying? It couldn't possibly be true, because Nancy never cried any more. She wanted to run to her, comfort her for whatever it was, but Nancy didn't want comfort any more. It made her angry if you touched her or tried to sympathise with her. "It's just manners; just a pose, Mrs. Winters."

In Nancy's room the shorts lay on a chair in an untidy heap and the three tulips were black in the night and Nancy was crying, lying in a curl of grief, trying to keep her sobs buried in the pillow.

Continuing . . .

"Why, darling! What is it?" Mrs. Winters said.

"Oh, leave me alone!" Nancy said.

But how could she? She had let Nancy push her away so many times now, but how could she when she was so hurt about something?

"How can I?" she heard herself saying aloud. "How can I, Nancy, darling?"

Nancy stopped her sobbing, but with difficulty. The small, strangled sounds made an awful ache in you, like the time she had lost her dog so long ago. It was queer; she didn't have any education, not like Jim and Nancy; only one thing she had taken a degree in, and that was called Hurts of the Human Heart. She knew why Nancy was crying.

"It's because you aren't real," she said. It was so surprising to have her voice come out like that, almost stern. "He's got to have somebody who doesn't pretend all the time. There isn't time — I guess he loves you, in a way, but he'll never have you, because you aren't real."

Nancy sat up in bed and stared at her mother. Mrs. Winters wished Timothy could see her, with her face all streaked with tears, her eyes so wide and so suddenly defenceless.

"I'm sorry, He's nice," Mrs. Winters went on, but she didn't come any nearer to Nancy. "I'm sorry," she said again. "He's the best you could ever find. But he's made up his mind."

"Can't a girl have a bawl by herself without —" Nancy began. Then she said, "Oh, Mom, I can't bear it."

"You can bear it, I guess. You have to. Only don't laugh at real things any more, Nancy. Please don't—because that's a kind of dying, isn't it? Because sometime, somehow, you've just got to have something or somebody that's real—or there isn't anything. There just isn't anything."

It was so strange, so terribly strange, now, when she was talking to Nancy like this, to

## The Hidden Heart

from page 70

have Nancy give her a look, as if she saw her, as if they were just two women who knew each other and liked each other.

"Oh, well, I daresay I'll get over it. Folks don't die for love," Nancy said lightly enough.

"No, I hope you don't ever get over it," Mrs. Winters said. "If it is love. Good-night, Nancy."

With her light still on the lay and looked at her painting. "I don't know what came over me," she said. "I guess I was talking to myself, too."

When she woke the sun was shining brightly. She saw her

then the rest were coming down, clattering down the stairs in the way of the young.

Nancy was there in the kitchen doorway looking as bright and clear-eyed as if last night had never been. For an instant it seemed that it could not have been, that the sobs and the look were a dream, that her own voice had never come out in that stern, strong way.

Then there were Sam and Timothy, and Nancy reached out and took a piece of bacon, and her mother saw her hand not quite steady as she reached. It had been real.

"Just run along to the porch," she said. "I'll have everything there in a minute."

Nancy, you take the orange juice."

"I'll take it," Timothy said. He alone looked tired—as if he hadn't slept.

Jim said, "Know who Sam is? He's the son of J. R. Young."

"He's a fox," Mrs. Winters said.

"A what?"

"A fox."

Jim laughed surprisedly. "Well, if you've got that kind of money you can be a walrus if you like," he said. "Come along. Nothing more to fuss about, is there?"

"Nothing," she said.

And there wasn't. There was nothing more to do about breakfast, about anything. There was just nothing to do. They would dawdle the day away, the young. The day would sparkle on the outside and nothing would show.

They would go back to school, the fox and the violent girl and Timothy, and they wouldn't ask her about anything. They'd work it out themselves somehow, and maybe Nancy would marry the fox and the J. R. Young money, and that would be that.

Only—only—oh, it ought not to be that way! For there was something left of the little girl Nancy. There was—and maybe it was her own fault that all the distance between them had

grown so. Maybe if she had been able to hang on to what she'd known was real or known her own mind better—

She didn't know how breakfast got finished or what had been said. She said, "I want to show Timothy the garden."

"Not me?" Sam said.

"No, just Timothy," she said.

They were looking at her with surprise, but Timothy put down his napkin, came with her to the garden, and they walked in silence clear to the end of the garden where the old mulberry tree was. Then she paused and said, "This is where the dog was buried—Nancy's dog."

He waited.

"She cried so," she went on. "You didn't say yesterday you were talking about Nancy, but I guess you were."

His eyes were very grave. "Yes, of course," he said.

"She cried so terribly about the dog. That was a long time ago. I said she'd changed. I said she didn't care about things any more. It wasn't so. She cares about you. But I don't know whether she'll ever say so or not. It's all covered over so deep. I don't know how life can do that to you, but I guess it can — I know it can, because—well, I know."

"She hasn't told me anything; she's out of the habit—and maybe you can't if you're young—but in the night she cried the way she did when her dog died. But today she looks as if she'd never had a grief, so I don't know whether she'd ever admit she had or not. I don't know much about anything; only I let you think she had no feelings any more, and it isn't true. Somewhere, down deep, she's real; only how you get to it I don't know. I guess that's all I wanted to say."

He looked up at the tree, at her, then at the tree again.

"Thank you," he said then. That was all. He turned and began to walk back towards the house and she went with him. Had she been braver? Did it seem as if she had been throwing Nancy at him?

He paused and smiled around at her. "You know,"

he said, "I was weakening, anyway. It came to me in the night hours—if she had you for a mother—" He just smiled at her in a young, faintly ashamed way, and didn't finish.

Nancy pretended not to so much as notice them as they came up on the porch. She and Sam were reading Jim's character by the doodles he was making on a paper napkin.

"You're vain!" Nancy said.

There was laughter and mockery, and Jim was looking uncomfortable, though he was laughing, too. Then Jim looked at her and the look said: "You know that isn't true, don't you, Louie?"

Timothy reached over and took Nancy's wrist in a hard grip and said, "What I'd do with your character, my girl!" and Nancy grew still with the hand on her wrist—very, very still as if not believing he could still touch her.

Then she laughed and said, "You leave my character alone! I'll take care of it!"

"I'll have another muffin, if there's one left," Timothy said.

And that was all there was to it. The day went on, with noise and nonsense, and yet—and yet that night after they had gone and Mrs. Winters went to her room, she stood looking at her picture and felt oddly warm and at peace. When Nancy had kissed her goodbye, hadn't there been something extra? Wasn't the way she said "Goodbye till after exams, Mom!" different? Wasn't everything a little different? It hadn't been quite all sound and fury, had it? And Jim had turned to her, asking for loyalty. He had.

She turned and walked across her room, opened the door. She didn't know what she was going to say to Jim—maybe just something about money for the skirt she would get tomorrow; maybe something about the boys—she didn't know.

But something. Just something to show him he was real to her, even yet. All she knew was that she wasn't afraid. She wasn't afraid at all.

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## Are you in the know?



### How to choose the right perfume?

- ☐ By trial and error. ☐ By its glamorous name.

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens, so keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne . . . or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to your type. How to tell? Try a few fragrances to find the right one just as, before smart girls settle on a particular type of sanitary belt, they look over the range of ten—that's what we said, ten Kotex\* Belts. Try a couple and see which suits you best. Maybe you'll go for the new nylon grips. Maybe you'd like a white belt. Only Kotex gives you the chance to find out.



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For expert answers to your questions about "problem days", send for our free booklet, *Very Personally Yours*. It's full of hints for happy living right 'round the calendar. And if there's a youngster in the house, do let us send you without charge, *You're a Young Lady Now*. It's written especially to prepare nine to twelve year olds for the growing up problems ahead. Educational Department, Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., Box 42, P.O., Lane Cove, N.S.W.



F4426. — Pretty one-piece dress, featuring plain and printed material and a lace ruffle edging. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. plain material;  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. contrast; plus  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards tin. lace edging. Price 3/-.



# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4435. — Tailored one-piece dress for the 2-to-8-year-old span. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4427. — Sundress with rick-rack braid trim. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. plain material;  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36in. contrast; 6 yards rick-rack braid; and 9 yards bias binding. Price 3/-.

F4429. — Girl's two-piece pyjamas. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 yards 36in. material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards bias binding. Price 2/6.

F4430. — Boy's tailored pyjamas. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4431. — Boy's winter dressing-gown. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54in. material. Price 3/-.

## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4432. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make sundress. Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4433. — Unusual design for a summer dress featuring plain and printed material. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. plain material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. printed material. Price 3/-.



F4428. — Infant's five-piece layette of frock, nightgown, carrying coat, petticoat, and pilchers. Size: Infants. Requires: Frock,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material; nightgown,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material; carrying coat,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36in. material; petticoat slip,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36in. material; pilchers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36in. material; plus 9 yards  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lace edging and 1 yard  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. satin ribbon for trimming. Price 4/9.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 411. — MATERNITY SMOCK. Cool, pretty smock for maternity wear is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed no-iron cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, lemon, and grey, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 33/8, 36 and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

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No. 414. — SUNDUIT AND MATCHING JACKET. The outfit is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with baby-lamb motifs. The material is cotton headcloth, available in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 6 months to 1 year, 19/3; 18 months to 2 years, 21/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 415. — ONE-PIECE DRESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed Caesar Bonnie Prince cotton. The color choice includes lemon, green, blue, and pink, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 34/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 35/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra. Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



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vanished while trying to dis-  
cover the secret of Witch-  
men's Peak. Mandrake is un-  
able to get any of the local  
natives to come with him

and Lothar to the peak be-  
cause it is the training ground  
of witch doctors and the  
natives are afraid of their  
black magic. Gesturing hyp-  
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jungle chieftain, Mandrake  
shows that he, too, can make  
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**TEENA** by Linda Terry



YOU WILL MEET TWO MEN TONIGHT...

ONE... THE INITIAL "W"... HE WILL FALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU... HE WILL DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY...



YOU MUST BEWARE THE KNAVE... INITIAL "C"... HE IS DARK AND MYSTERIOUS... TEMPERAMENTAL... RUDE... I SEE TOO MANY GIRLS AROUND HIM... HE IS THE WRONG ONE FOR YOU... HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART...



GOLLY! JUST THINK! THIS IS THE NIGHT OF MY DESTINY!! CAN YOU SEE THE INITIAL ON THAT WATCH FOB??

AAAH-B I THINK



AND WHAT IS YOUR MIDDLE INITIAL?

AND WHAT IS YOUR OTHER FRIEND'S INITIAL?



WHAT MONOGRAM WOULD YOU HAVE ON IT IF IT WAS A MONOGRAMMED HANDKERCHIEF?



TEENA! TEENA! I FOUND HIM! YOUR "W"! HE'S OVER THERE BY THE PUNCH!!!!

OH, WHO'S INTERESTED IN HIM...?



I'M LOOKING FOR THE "C"... HE SOUNDED TERRIBLY EXCITING!!

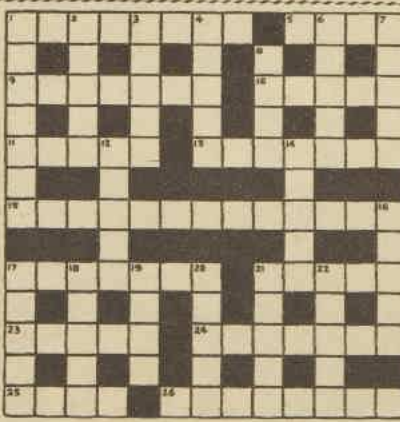
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This animal comes from the plane (8).
5. This act was valid from 1672 till 1828 (4).
9. Drinks made from milk (7).
10. Tries to get the prescribed forms (5).
11. Employers, full of ruses (5).
13. To make a concise statement add up the girl (7).
15. Come in with the catalogues if you want to act as a rival (5, 3, 5).
17. Rhythmic beat round a British colony (7).
21. A rat comes back in this gaze (5).
23. Wood obtained by one (5).
24. Supporter of State railway systems, and Commonwealth, too (7).
25. Convey (4).
26. Alienate a sergeant (8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. To marry you have to see soup (7).
2. Little Susan helps to finish result (5).
3. Disreputable fellows under your feet (5).
4. An effort is in the turning sun (5).
6. It is not off the bat (5).
7. Thank you, it's on the eyelid and is toothsome (5).
8. This can precede a car, a line, a way, or a road, and can turn into an auction room (4).
12. Pass through a ring (5).
14. I, among the greater number, am moderately wet (5).
16. Pierce the bookie with his listener (5).
17. It's above the shield and it's mostly freedom from care (5).
18. Legal right exists where the French king is in D.T. (5).
19. Votes against (4).
20. Slackens and the sea breaks in the middle of it (5).
21. A curving course with a female head (5).
22. As a writing implement is quaking (5).

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